



No. 257.—Vol. XX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS NELLIE STEWART IN "THE SCARLET FEATHER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"TRUTH'S" CHRISTMAS "PUPPENHEIM."

Photographs by Russell, Baker Street, W.

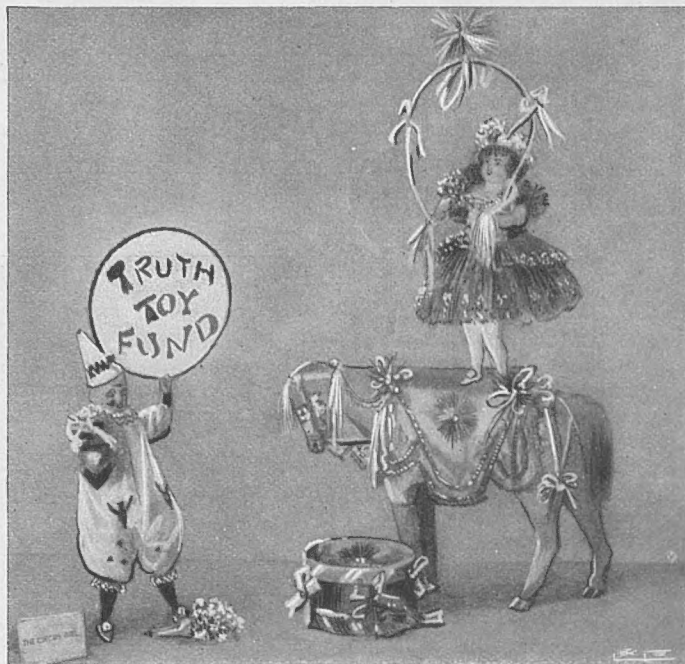
The editor of *Truth*, in his kindness towards the children of the London charitable institutions, this year again organised a tremendous dolls' show, which was held in the Albert Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday of

Near at hand, in the great pyramid of large dolls and toys that soared from the centre of the arena, was a queer Afridi doll, a mere bundle of rags taken from an Afridi house during the recent fighting and sent home by a lieutenant in the Lancers. No doubt some little Afridi has wept for the loss. More intelligible than this shapeless mass was another example of the highest product of civilised doll-dom, the representative of literary character—to wit, a group of the Walrus and the



THE DOLL'S BATH.

last week. The exhibition was, of course, attended by a huge concourse of small people, who, with scores of equally interested "grown-ups," gazed in wonder upon the wonderland of the arena. The arena was entirely occupied by the extraordinary show. Around it ran tier on tier of dolls of every shape, size, complexion, and costume—dainty brides; Watteau shepherdesses, ladies at the ball, Highlanders, cooks, damozels in walking-dress with the most wonderful head-confectionery. Larger dolls and toys towered in a huge trophy towards the organ, and just to the right of this, on a miniature stage, the scenery for which had been painted by Mr. Walter Hann, was the great curiosity of the show—a scene from "The Little Minister." The dolls composing this interesting group had all been dressed by the ladies of the Haymarket company. Particularly successful were the elders of the Kirk



"THE CIRCUS GIRL."

Carpenter. One of the most striking examples of industry was the splendid collection of three hundred dolls dressed by one lady. Ingenuity reached its high-water mark in an elephant and ear worked in straw by a Bedfordshire straw-plaiter seventy-five years of age. Close to this was a most fetching Yeoman of the Guard, with the most gallant pair of moustachios in the world, and not far away was a big Chinese doll from Amoy, somewhat too large in the feet to be an exact model of a Celestial lady of quality, but splendid nevertheless. A very dainty exhibit was a feather fairy, which stood not far from a set of twenty-four dolls' cribs made from old shoe-boxes. A very comical group was entitled "Andrée meets the North Pole." The explorer of doubtful fate was represented in luxurious fur encountering a dainty lady arrayed in a white Polar-bear costume. She looked white but cosy, and even the frosty pole she carried could



THE QUEEN IN 1837.



A CHELSEA PENSIONER.



A LADY OF 1897.

at Thrums. Their stocks, "stan's o' blacks," and pre-disruption hats will be a joy to me for many days to come, and a comfort amid much tribulation. Babbie herself was brown, bright, and piquant, with her black eyes, torn skirt, and bare legs. Gavin, however, was, if anything, a trifle too cherubic. However, he was only a doll.

not persuade one that she was chilly. Altogether this wonderful exhibition should cause thousands of our children to rise up in their cots and call Mr. Labouchere and his colleagues blessed. The strong and fortunate children had a great treat and an opportunity of contributing. A special show was eleven thousand new sixpences for the hospital children.

CHILDREN'S AMUSEMENTS.

Variety for the children. That is what Mr. Robert Newman is arranging this week at Queen's Hall by way of experiment. He has apparently realised that the youngsters like variety, and that there are few places open to them in which to enjoy it, so he has started a series of variety

A Punch and Judy Show is very dear to me, perhaps because it cannot be faced openly by serious man or woman. If I go to a seaside place, and the familiar showman appears upon the sands, I dare not go up to him because I fear that, though he will regard me as a paying guest, his small audience will resent my presence. The delightful tragedy of Punch and Judy is the property of the children, and the adult is an intruder. If he looks on and is moved to the laughter of keen enjoyment,



AN EARLY VICTORIAN BELLE.



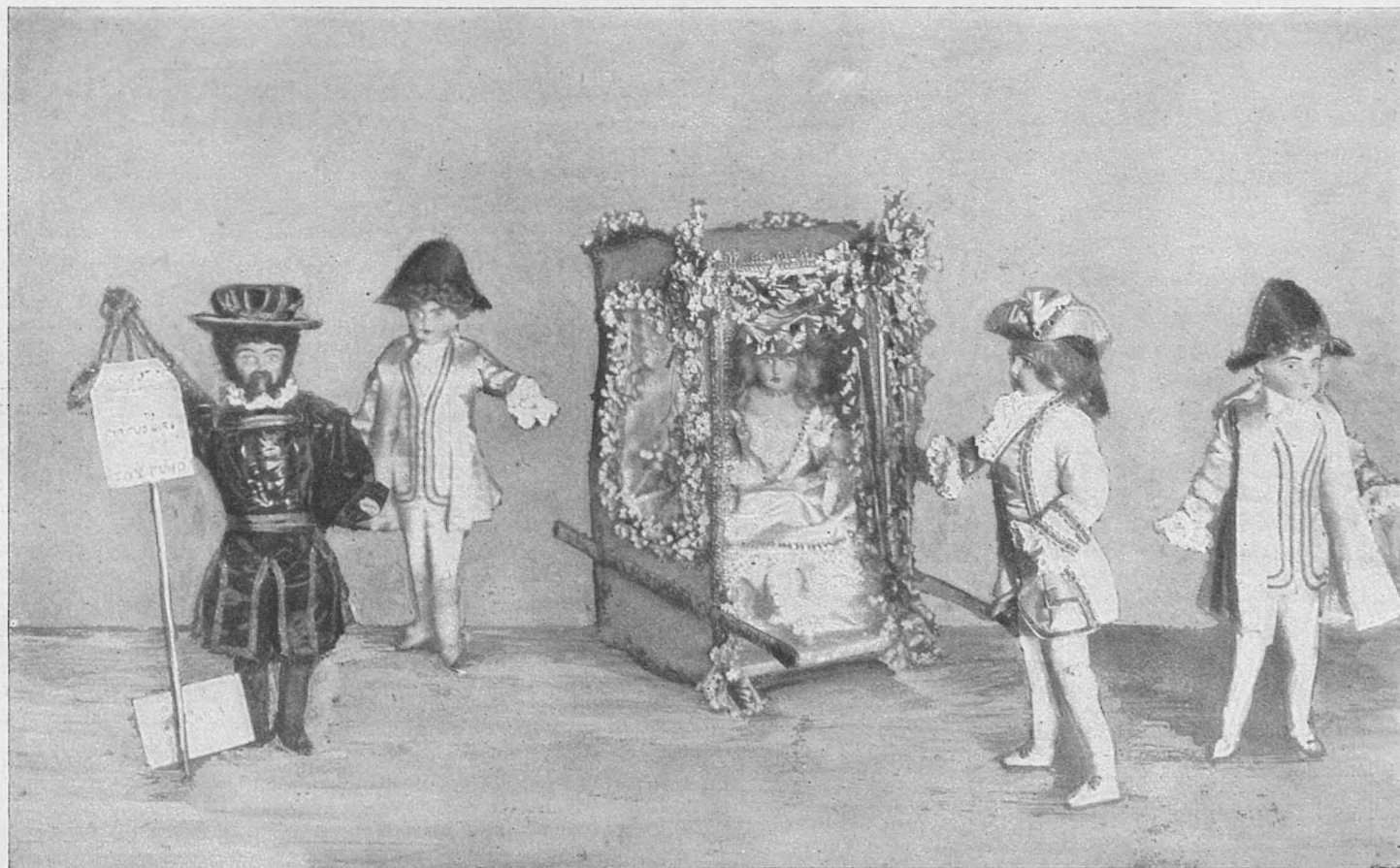
THE BRIDE.



TRUTH.

matinées, and, if the juvenile public comes along, there will be a permanent programme. Under these circumstances the rising generation will be as well cared for as the adults; there will only be the difference of time, place, and surroundings; the programme will be in many respects similar to that of the better-class halls. Imagine the chances that will come to the lover of variety; he will be amused without having to face the serio-comic who can neither sing, speak, act, nor dance; no terror of a low comedian need seize upon him. I intend to go if only to see the Punch and Judy Show. And thereby hangs a little tale that seems to call for a paragraph to itself.

his pleasure breaks upon the privileges of the little ones; they resent it; he becomes the butt of nursemaids, who bring their young charges to see the fateful drama, and themselves look on with the complete indifference of mental superiority. The showman is dying out of the London streets nowadays, and the echoes of his Pandean pipes are only heard in third-rate suburban neighbourhoods. It is more than a year since I last saw one, and then it was in the neighbourhood of Greenwich that I came upon the performance and saw it from end to end with an enjoyment that has often refused to accompany me to a theatrical performance of great renown in the heart of the Metropolis.



AN OLD SEDAN-CHAIR.

THE LATE MR. TERRISS.

The story of the Terriss tragedy is gradually being pieced together. The funeral of the dead actor in Brompton Cemetery yesterday week drew forth a vast sympathetic crowd of his fellow-players and of the people whom he had amused for years. On Wednesday the examination of the assassin Prince began at Bow Street Police Court, and will be continued to-day. Meanwhile, I am able to present some curious documents which have a bearing on Mr. Terriss. One feature in connection with his death is the enormous demand for his autograph, the desire to possess some personal relic of the deceased actor being very natural in the circumstances. The demand, however, is not equal to the supply; but those who do not possess an original signature will be glad to have the facsimile of the last letter written by him, which I am fortunately enabled to print. A melancholy interest attaches to this document, since it was written within two and a-half hours of the murder. The envelope was addressed to Mr. Edward Brown, who holds the responsible position of treasurer at Daly's Theatre, and, as a precaution, it was further addressed to Mr. George Edwardes. It was written in pencil, and sent by special messenger to Mr. Brown, who received it shortly before six o'clock on the fateful evening. It possesses a more than ordinary interest to the recipient, for Mr. Brown had known Mr. Terriss for many years, and his present position is due, indirectly, to his connection with Mr. Terriss in business in the summer of 1886, when he was instrumental in bringing the Augustin Daly company to the Strand Theatre, this being the first appearance in London of Miss Ada Rehan and her companions. Mr. Brown was subsequently business-manager for Mr. Daly at the Lyceum Theatre, and he negotiated for his chief the site of Daly's Theatre. It will be seen from the letter which is reproduced that almost the last thought of Mr. Terriss was for others, since, although he asks for the box for "myself," it was intended for personal friends.

Turning to a heap of old Adelphi play-bills, I find that in August 1885, in a revival of "Arrah-na-Pogue," a small part was played by "Mr. Archer." In the previous March "Mr. Archer" was playing

another little Irish rôle, O'Flanagan, in Sims and Pettitt's "In the Ranks." In 1881 Messrs. Gatti revived Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and again I find "Mr. Archer," playing the nameless part of "a groom." Further search is rewarded by a programme of a revival of "The Green Bushes" (December 1880), in which ancient Adelphi favourite "Mr. Archer" played the part of "Rattlesnake (an Indian)," a fitting rôle this, if the "Mr. Archer" referred to is the villain of the late most lamentable tragedy. This is the earliest mention of "Mr. Archer" in connection with the Adelphi which I can unearth, and I reproduce the programme, which may interest all with whom William Terriss was so deservedly popular.

The aloofness of the *Spectator* is the most curious thing in current

journalism. Thus it refers to "the cruel murder of a favourite actor, Mr. William Lewin, of the Adelphi, whose stage-name was Terriss."

It has been decided by a large number of residents in Bedford Park and Chiswick to erect some lasting local memorial to the deceased actor.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS.

Some interesting unpublished letters of Chateaubriand and his wife have lately been given to the public. These letters are addressed to a Scotchman named John Fraser Frisell, who from the year 1755 to the time of his death in 1846 resided much on the Continent, especially in France. For almost forty years Frisell corresponded with the Chateaubriands when the frequent voyages which he delighted to make separated him from them. A great number of the letters have unfortunately been lost, but those which remain give an exact idea of the relations existing between Frisell and his illustrious friends, and also show us Chateaubriand from an unexpected point of view.

The greater part of Chateaubriand's letters which we hitherto possessed revealed him in that attitude of high disdain and majestic melancholy which was undoubtedly natural to him, but which sometimes suggests a desire to pose for the benefit of posterity. His letters to Frisell, however, are simple and frank, without the least touch of solemnity. He writes in the most affectionate and familiar way about the little events of the life of each day; he inquires after the health of his friend's daughter, and gives his advice as to the care that should be taken of her; he shows a sincerity and warmth which makes us forget the egoism which usually engrossed him. And, what is more surprising, he shows his anxiety about his wife's health, complaining of her illness and seeking means to restore her. Madame de Chateaubriand, on her side, shows an equally warm affection for her husband, writing of him with the greatest pride and, with a sort of abandon, calling him "le Pèlerin" and "le Patron."

But what perhaps is the most interesting point in these hitherto unpublished letters is that they are not so "composed" as Chateaubriand's other letters with which we are acquainted. His letters are usually as perfect in form and style as his books; when he wrote three lines to Madame Récamier they were as beautiful as the "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe." In his letters to Mr. Frisell he shows in his style nothing of this beauty—he writes as badly as you or I. There are, however, one or two exceptions. Here is the end of a letter written to Frisell in 1826—

I have resisted my destiny as far as I have been able; but now it must take its course. I am leaving France, where I can no longer live; I am selling my tatters, and am going to Switzerland to work. Thus the world goes on, my dear friend; I have faithfully served three kings—three brothers!—and I have been despoiled under the three brothers! Of my patrimony under Louis XVI., of my little "Vallée" and of my books under Louis XVIII., of my pensions and my salary under Charles X. What does it matter? "Vive le Roi!" all the same. I hope the work which I intend to do will be the means of preventing my wife from dying in the hospital; my ambition does not go further than that, and I only ask of God a little health to preserve us from this last misery. You are going away, my good friend: you are going to see Grenada again and the beautiful country which I travelled through in happier days which are already far away. Give a welcome for me to all the scenes where I left my youth. Wherever I may be, there you will have your best friend.

DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

"THE EVERGREEN."

I gather that the *Evergreen*, which the strangely named Patrick Geddes and Colleagues have occasionally issued from Edinburgh, is not dead, but may yet reappear. Meantime, I have received the "Evergreen Almanac," which is a series of decorative drawings bearing more or less on the Celtic movement. The *Evergreen* seeks "to link the Autumn of our own age with an approaching Spring, and pass through Decadence towards Renaissance." Professor Geddes, who is the head and front of all this, is a man of extraordinary brilliancy.

Thursday 16/12/97
 My dear Brown
 Can you let me have a
 Box for tonight for myself
 W. Terriss

THE LAST LETTER MR. TERRISS WROTE.

Adelphi Theatre.
 Jan 29. 85
 My dear William
 When the publisher of
 the great metropolitan
 then home. They do so in the
 hopes that they get something for
 them money. It's a bargain.
 The acting sh' be good if the
 money is — and if they don't like
 the piece it's better to say so in
 unmitigated honesty than the
 false flattery of many who let
 your face applaud & behind
 your back malign — Have the
 public a right to know? Why
 certainly they have — and a good
 right too if the dish set before them

MR. TERRISS'S THEATRICAL CREED.

After which, at 8 o'clock, will be Performed the Great Adelphi Drama
 in Three Acts, THE

GREEN BUSHES

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

New Scenery by ALBERT CALCOTT.

Cennor O'Kennedy	Mr HENRY NEVILLE
George	(His Younger Brother) Mr E. COMPTON
Wild Marting	(Horse Jolber, Piper and General Dealer) Mr SHIEL BARRY
Master Grinnidge	(Proprietor of a Travelling Caravan) Mr J. G. TAYLOR
Jack Gong	(his Man) Mr R. PATEMAN
Captain Dartois	(a French Officer) Mr E. B. NORMAN
Paddy Kelly	Mr H. COOPER
Little Bear	(an Indian) Mr HARWOOD
Rattlesnake	(an Indian) Mr ARCHER
Dennis	(A Blacksmith) Mr H. PROCTOR
Larry Darby	Mr C. FREW
Ned Keogh	Mr FOX
Servant to George	Mr A. GREVILLE
Geraldine	(Wife to O'Kennedy) Mrs BERNARD-BEERE
Nelly O'Neil	(Her Foster Sister) Miss LYDIA FOOTE
Miami	(The Huntress of the Mississippi) Miss BELLA PATEMAN
Madame St. Aubert	Miss LE THERE
Meg	Miss VANE
Louise	Miss JENNY ROGERS
Evleen	(Seven Years Old) Miss CLARA JECKS
Tigertail	(a Squaw) Miss CLARA JECKS

A BILL IN WHICH MR. TERRISS'S
 ASSASSIN APPEARED.

AT A HORSE SALE.

BY THE MAN WHO WASN'T BUYING ANY.

Have you ever looked in at Tatteridge's on a Saturday morning? I have; and my experience has left me impressed with the suspicion that Saturday mornings are not reserved by the regulations of this yard exclusively for the sale of thoroughbreds. But this is only a suspicion.

The horse which happened to be under the hammer when I entered looked a good deal older than the catalogue seemed to think it was, but perhaps it was worrying over something, and was not appearing at its best. Although unmistakably Jewish about the nose, it was generally simple and unshrewd of countenance, and it looked the kind of horse that, if put beside another to draw a mineral-water van, would do all the work quietly, and take all the whacks placidly, while its partner fussed about and rattled the trace-chains to show that it was very busy indeed and didn't need urging. I have known men just like what I supposed that poor horse to be; men who—but the moral simile is too obvious to need setting forth. It will keep, in all its tiresome detail, for the dread period when I try my hand, and my public's patience, at melodrama.

There being no advance on six guineas and a half, the excitable gentleman in the white jacket at its side, who had been trying for some time to extract its teeth by rather a primitive and jerky process, dragged it away from the wall against which it showed an inclination to lean for support, and took it for another run. But it was not an atom of good. It was right out of the horse's nature to show off for anybody, and so at six guineas and a half it was, to use an ominous phrase (seeing its condition), "hammered down." It took its fate vacantly, without showing any sign that it entertained an opinion, one way or the other, on the matter of its price, and strolled indifferently off to begin a new life with a new master and a new whip.

The next horse on the catalogue was a ragged-eared grey, with knees that indicated a decidedly pious and prayerful disposition, and a chest like a rabbit's. But it was a gentlemanly creature, with nice, quiet manners (almost too quiet, I thought, but I am no judge); and it had a great pathetic eye which was most winning. In a word, it was a kind and peaceable horse, and it made rather a humorous companion-picture to a board hard by which warned the public that the authorities of the yard would not hold themselves responsible for personal injuries received from kicks. The kind-hearted grey made a somewhat unfortunate start, for in preparing for its first run it forgot all about "faking" the action of its rheumatic knee, and came down a stunner on its weak side. However, there were no bones broken (if there had been, the damage would easily have been seen), and in a few moments the man at its side, who pretended to regard the tumble as the result of a superabundance of spirit, was prancing down the avenue with its bridle in his hand, giving it savage back-cuts with his cane, of which it took not the slightest notice, and

jumping more *up* than *along*, so as not to get in front of the ponderous quadruped for sale. In course of time the grey mare arrived at the auctioneer's desk, where, after some brisk bidding, it was knocked down at eight guineas. I thought there would be some applause at this, but the spectators took it quite calmly. They were evidently accustomed to attending sales and seeing horses go at fabulous prices.

Following this came a small knock-kneed pony, with quite a remarkable "corporation," suggesting a religiously pursued diet of pickle-corks and pneumatic tyres, and with its own idea of the way a pony should get along over the ground. It ran up to the auctioneer sideways, not from restiveness, but apparently from habit; and it paused three times on the way to nod its head and whisk its tail.

It was either a very knowing pony or an idiot. However, someone in the crowd, possibly a wealthy collector of equine curiosities, seemed to think it a fair four-guineas'-worth; and so it broadsided itself through the onlookers, giving place to a tall black horse with a singularly long neck, which it waved about idly, as if anything but its own head had been at the end of it. Then it had a funny habit (which would not be regarded as such by the person who rode it) of rubbing its nose in the sand and tossing its head on high immediately afterwards, reminding me of Bret Harte's Australian emu, which "trots all around with its head on the ground, then erects it quite out of your view." It was not unlike an emu, by the way, only it hadn't the emu's appetite—or, if it had, the appetite was plainly not in the way of getting wholly satisfied.

It didn't move so badly at first; but on the way back, in its final run, it suddenly occurred to it that it had not imitated the Australian emu for full five minutes, and, in attempting to rub its nose on the ground, it tumbled over its head, knocking at least seven-and-sixpence off its near shoulder against the brick wall. The auctioneer's hammer came down on four guineas and a half, but it was worth more than that as an acrobat.

I saw one more horse brought up, but I didn't wait to hear its price. It was remarkably active and fussy with its hind-legs and

tail, but awfully tired and dreamy in front. I once saw a representation of a horse in pantomime, given by a couple of men who apparently had had no consultation or rehearsal before coming on. The man who assumed the rôle of the hind-legs was an exceedingly lively individual who frisked about like a buck-jumper, while the man playing the fore-legs simply strolled about in an aimless way, as if he had made a mistake and ought really to have come on with a banner. But perhaps the mistake was on my side, and the two men were giving an imitation of a horse at a sale. It didn't strike me in that light then; it does now.

The price on the last horse—or the last I saw—had reached six guineas and a half, when the auctioneer made a joke, a very bad joke—a regular auctioneer's joke, in short—and I looked at him and frowned. He took my frown for another half-guinea, and was still asking, "Any advance on seven guineas?" when I slipped out of the yard.

I hope someone is treating my poor old horse kindly.



MISS ADA BLIGH.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30,
THE LITTLE MINISTER.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15,
A MAN'S SHADOW.
MR. TREE in the DUAL ROLE of LAROQUE and LUVERSAN.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY and JAN. 5 at 2.30.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s. Doors open 7.45.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG

and TREASURE ISLAND.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, DONNYBROOK

and THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.
Exceptional Variety Programme. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—The Mentone of England, adjoining

St. Leonards. THE SACKVILLE HOTEL, an ideal winter and spring residence, combining the latest improvements and attractions at moderate prices. Special inclusive terms till Easter. For tariff, &c., apply to Manager.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea.
Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.
English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.
The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think

that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Ladies). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SPA WINTER SEASON.—Mild Climate and only twelve hours

from London. Casino open as usual with Concerts, &c. Excellent sport, Tobogganing, Hunting. High-class hotels at greatly reduced inclusive tariff. Finest iron baths in Europe. Sure cure for Anæmia and Weakness. For all particulars address JULES CREHAY, Sec., Casino, Spa, Belgium.

DESIGN FOR A SHOW-CARD.

The Show-card is required for the purpose of advertising the "RONUK" SANITARY POLISHES AND CLEANSERS, as advertised in the Illustrated and other Papers. The Design to be made in not more than Five Colours, and must not exceed 20 by 14 in size, and must incorporate the Company's Trade-Mark, also the words, "RONUK" SANITARY POLISHES AND CLEANSERS, and must have some direct reference to the Company's preparations.

The character of the Design is left to the option of the Competitor.

FIRST PRIZE, FIVE GUINEAS;

SECOND PRIZE, THREE GUINEAS.

Circulars descriptive of the "RONUK" POLISHES, with facsimile of the Company's Trade-Mark, may be obtained at their London Depot, 83, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

The Competition will be judged by the Directors of "RONUK," LIMITED, in conjunction with the Editor of "The Sketch."

The Prize Designs will become the property of MESSRS. "RONUK," LIMITED, who reserve the right to purchase any of the others at One Guinea each.

Drawings to be received at the Office of "The Sketch," Granville House, Arundel Street, W.C., by Jan. 13, marked "RONUK."

BARNUM AND BAILEY.

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

NOW OPEN IN OLYMPIA.

Circus, Hippodrome.
Two Menageries, Museum, Horse Fair.
Stupendous Trained Animal Exhibition.
Thrilling Aerial Displays.
Mid-air Wonders.
Grand and Lofty Tumbling.
High-class Equestrianism.
Three Herds of Elephants.
Two Dromedaries.
Jumping Horses and Ponies.
Queer Freak Animals. Four Hundred Horses.

MUSEUM OF LIVING HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

Twenty Pantomimic Clowns, Twenty Animal Actors, Twenty Races.
Roman Chariot, Standing and Pedestrian Races.
Scores of Athletes, Acrobats, Gymnasts, and Aerialists.

An Imperial Programme of Astounding Acts.

Grand Spectacular Military Drama,

THE MAHDI;

OR, FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Reproduction of Actual Scenes in the Sudan War.

The whole produced upon the most generous and elaborate scale. Brimful of Warlike Incident.

Three Rings, Two Stages, Racing-Track, Grand Aerial Enclave, and Huge Spectacular Stage and Hippodrome.

The whole forming the most remarkable and extraordinary exhibition seen since the Creation. Words Fail to Express Its Magnitude.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30 p.m.

Early Gates open (Hammer Smith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. Early Entrance fee, 6d. extra.

Admission: Amphitheatre seats, 1s. and 2s.; Arena seats, 2s., 3s., and 4s.; Balcony seats, 3s.; Stalls, 5s., 7s., 6d.; Private boxes, 5 to 6 seats, £3 7s.; Single box seats, 10s. 6d.

Special price for Royal Box when not engaged.

Admission to Promenade, without seats, after 2 and 8 p.m., 1s.

At Two o'clock Exhibition only, children between 4 and 10 years of age half-price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.

Seats for sale at Olympia daily from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., and at usual libraries.

MR. JOHN HARE AND THE "NEW GLOBE."

Old playgoers with tender recollections of the little house in Tottenham Street, and of John Hare as Sam Gerridge, with that wonderful green tie; playgoers of a more recent date who recall the actor at the Court Theatre, and, later, in partnership with the Kendals at the St. James's; and playgoers of to-day who saw with sincere pleasure the beginning and, with sincere regret, the end of his management at the Garrick, will learn with delight that this most excellent artist is once more to take the field as a London manager. The house which Mr. Hare has selected is the Globe, in Newcastle Street—a house that has the reputation of being an unlucky one, and which is undoubtedly situated a little too far East for the fashionable theatre-goer of to-day. The Globe has, however, had many genuine successes in the old days, and, given such a popular actor-manager, with a good company to support him and a good repertoire of plays, I see no reason why the ancient glories of the house should not be revived, or even surpassed. The Globe Theatre was built by Sefton Parry, on part of the site of Old Lyon's Inn, in the year of grace 1868, and, with a capacity for seating some fifteen hundred, it was opened in the December of that year with one of H. J. Byron's best comedies—"Cyril's Success." Since that eventful night I can recall other successes, and other plays that certainly will be remembered in the history of the English stage. In 1869 the Globe was the scene of a theatrical event which attracted, I well remember, considerable attention. This was the first appearance in London of Mr. H. J. Byron as an actor. The part selected by the versatile author was Sir Simon Simple in his own drama of "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," and his success, at the fall of the curtain, was greeted, as was natural, with an extraordinary enthusiasm.

In 1871 that most charming actor, the late H. J. Montague, a stage lover whose place still remains to be supplied, took the Globe, and, with Rose Massey as his leading lady (How well I remember her photographed as "A Basket of Mischief"!), inaugurated a very notable term of management. Among other productions of his which I recall with pleasure was Mr. Clement Scott's pathetic little play, "Tears, Idle Tears." This was in 1872.

A work of Tom Taylor's, "Arkwright's Wife," saw the light here in 1873, and here, in 1876, was produced a play which is still occasionally revived, "Jo," founded on Dickens's "Bleak House." In the same year came "Miss Gwilt," Wilkie Collins's adaptation of his novel, "Armada," which, if I remember rightly, had but a short existence.

Two other well-known English dramatists produced new works at the Globe in the following year. The late Mr. Wills, collaborating with Frank Marshall, gave London playgoers "Cora," and Paul Meritt a play (much beloved, I believe, by amateurs), "Stolen Kisses."

At the extreme end of this year, 1877, John L. Toole's farce, "Trying a Magistrate," was produced at the Globe.

During Mr. Alexander Henderson's management of this theatre—I think in 1880—all London went mad over the ever-green "Cloches de Corneville," in which Kate Munroe, Shiel Barry, and Edward Righton all scored heavily. It is interesting to recall, in the light of later works, that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's forgotten play, "A Bed of Roses," was seen at the Newcastle Street house in January 1882; while in the same year "Far From the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy and Comyns Carr, with Mrs. Bernard Beere as Bathsheba, "brought the scent of the hay across the footlights," at the same time as Mr. Pinero's "The Squire" performed a similar agricultural feat at the St. James's.

The year 1882, indeed, saw quite a remarkable crop of well-known authors at the Globe. Besides those referred to above, I can recall the libretto of a comic opera, "The Vicar of Bray," by Mr. Grundy, "The Promise of May," by the late Poet-Laureate, and "Jane Eyre," adapted from Charlotte Brontë's wonderful novel by W. G. Wills. "Lady Clare," an adaptation of Ohnet's "Ironmaster," by Robert Buchanan, with Ada Cavendish, I think, as the heroine, had a short run at the Globe in 1883.

More changes in management followed, and it is not till 1888 that I remember any other production of note, when Mr. Moss produced John Strange Winter's popular "Bootsie's Baby." During the same year Mr. John Lart's weird and powerful play, "The Monk's Room," attracted considerable attention, not only on its own merits, but for the admirable manner in which Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Willard, and Miss Alma Murray impersonated the principal characters. In 1889 I saw Richard Mansfield play "Richard III." at this house in Colley Cibber's version of the play. It is hardly necessary to remind my readers of the phenomenal "Charley's Aunt," which filled the somewhat shabby and dingy house night after night, matinée after matinée, for months, if not years!

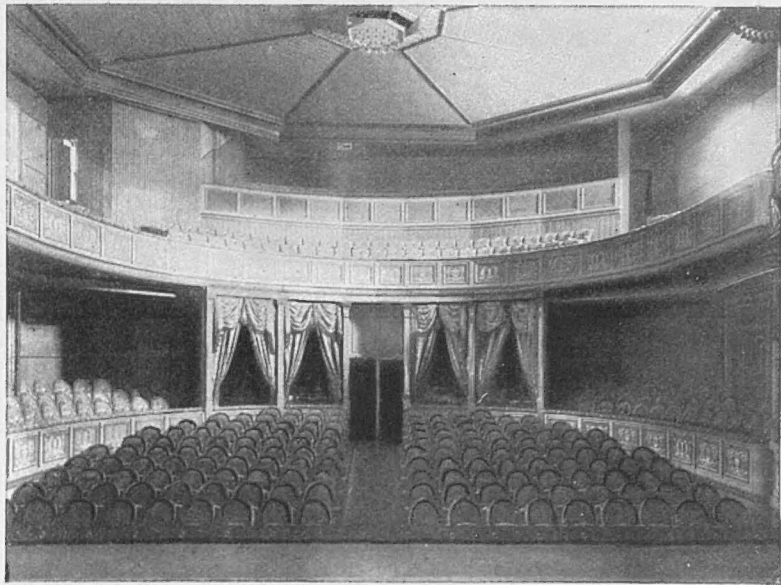
Mr. Hare will, I understand, redecorate what is to be called the "New Globe," and with such redecoration and a sheaf of attractive novelties, will start his new career early in the New Year. Numberless playgoers will wish him the best of good luck.

W. C. F.

Miss Beryl Faber, known as a young actress of much refinement, who was married at Brighton the other day, is the sister of Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, the former Sussex county and Cambridge University cricketer, who for some time played the Black Elphberg in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Mr. George Alexander. Faber, as Macaulay's fourth-form boy could tell you, is the Latin for Smith.

SMALL TALK.

The world is nowhere so brotherly at Christmastide as in theatreland and pantomime. Thus the extension of the theatre means the tightening of the bonds of friendship among English-speaking peoples. Herewith I show you the interior of the new playhouse at Kimberley, empty in the



INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, KIMBERLEY.

Photo by Hancoz and Wunsch

picture, but doubtless to be crowded to-night with a merry audience. The project was set on foot early in 1895, and an indefatigable band of workers has been employed since then in arousing public interest in the matter and in collecting subscriptions. The De Beers Company had to guarantee a large proportion of the cost of the new theatre, but private generosity was by no means lacking, and, as a result, a very comfortable and handsome building was thrown open at the end of October. His Excellency the Governor of Cape Colony was present on the first night, when "The French Maid" was presented before a by no means critical audience. The decorations of the interior cannot be called lavish, but they can be added to at any time. The building itself is solidly built of brick, with a front gable of stone, and there is ample accommodation for a large audience. There are a hundred and sixty seats in the stalls, and about half that number in the dress-circle, in addition to which there are boxes, a family circle, and a gallery. One of the features of the building is a room, fifty-five by twenty-four feet in dimensions, which opens on to a balcony overlooking the entrance. This is intended as a foyer, the advantages of which are better recognised by our Continental neighbours than ourselves. The stage is one of the largest in South Africa, and the acoustic properties of the auditorium are said to be exceptionally good. The theatre is lighted by electricity from the De Beers generating station, and outside it are four large lamps of 1200 candle-power each. On the whole, the new theatre in every way does credit both to its promoters and the people of Kimberley.

In nothing does the conservatism of her Majesty show itself more clearly than in the preparation of her Christmas dinner. At that stately repast are served all the principal dishes, and in similar guise, which appeared on the table of her predecessor Henry VIII. The wines are usually supplied from the famous cellars of the Emperor of Austria, and, with sundry bottles from minor German potentates who own historic vineyards, are sent as Christmas presents to the sister Sovereign at Windsor. The entry of the boar's head is always a moment of intense excitement for the little Princes and Princesses grouped round the royal table. With polished tusks, glittering eyes, ruddy jaws, and sprig of well-berried holly springing from between the ears, it forms a very imposing dish. It has appeared as regularly on the table of the present reigning house during the past century as in the days of the Tudors, and the late Duke of Cumberland, uncle of her Majesty, when a boy Prince at home, used to make a point of marking out a special boar and personally superintending its decoration for the Noel board of George III. From the time he succeeded to the throne of Hanover, in 1837, until 1850, the Duke sent as a Christmas gift to each of his more favoured English friends a fine boar's head from his private *Schweingarten*. That which graces her Majesty's table at the present time is usually presented by the Emperor of Germany. The Queen has, however, a herd of her own, confined in a section of the Home Park at Windsor, and this was first established by George IV., who was fond of roast wild boar, and the dish was placed regularly on his table twice a week during the winter. Prince Albert, who shared his taste, improved the Windsor breed and considerably enlarged the enclosure.

A peacock-pie, adorned with the feathers of the royal bird, is another of the Christmas show-dishes, and it is placed on the handsome sideboard as a pendant to the boar's head, while the noble baron of beef commands attention in the centre. The word show-dishes is used advisedly, as

none of the royal party partake of the above, which eventually find their way to those who are fortunate enough to have their names on the retainers' list, for whom such things are reserved. The Christmas-pudding is, of course, well to the fore, and is one of many cooked in the mighty ranges of the Windsor kitchens, those of Osborne being inadequate for the requirement, as her Majesty supplies most of the puddings placed on the royal and imperial tables of Europe on Christmas Day. Among the minor dainties, the marzipan cakes so popular in the Imperial nurseries at Berlin play an important part, and occasionally a box of them arrives from the kitchens of the New Palace which were made by the hands of the Empress Augusta herself, who was an excellent cook in her girlhood's days and who can still turn out delicate dishes on occasion for the eating of her Consort, who is very proud of her accomplishment.

Colonel J. Payson Bradley, Commander of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, the oldest military organisation in the United States, is proud of the fact that he was the first man to carry the American flag through the streets of London in 1896, under arms, into Windsor Castle, and before the Queen. As the official colour-bearer abroad when the company visited London, Colonel Bradley made a most favourable impression on his English friends. The day the Ancients visited Aldershot and witnessed the evolutions of the crack English regiments, the Duke of Connaught expressed the wish to be photographed under the American colours. His desire was granted, and the picture herewith presented shows the Duke and Colonel Bradley under the folds of the American flag at Aldershot. The negative was shipped to America, and Colonel Bradley has had a few copies made for private distribution among his friends, who prize the picture very highly. Colonel Bradley was elected Commander of the ancient corps last June. He comes of an old and respected New England family, and is a member of the military staff of the Governor of the State of Massachusetts. He went to the Rebellion from the North as a drummer-boy at thirteen, and won his spurs on some of the bloodiest battle-fields in the Civil War. He has always maintained a deep interest in military affairs.



BRITAIN UNDER THE FOLDS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

COLONEL OF THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

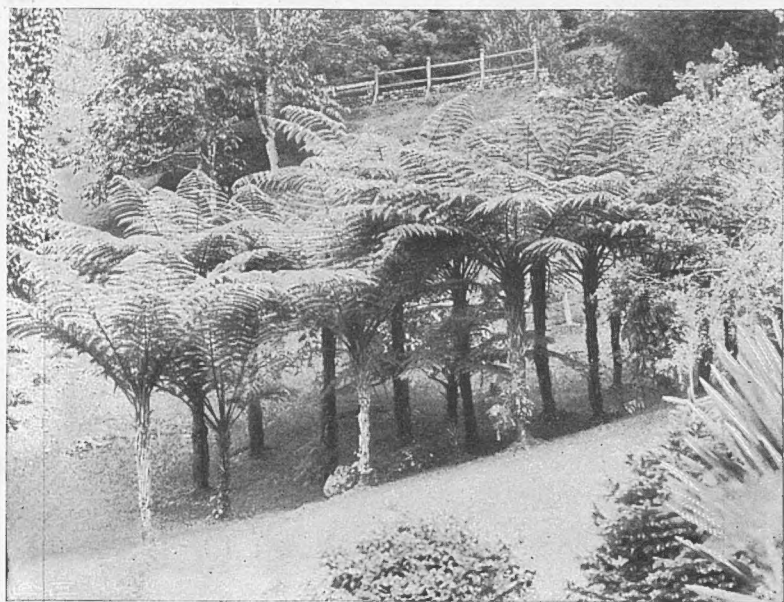
Photo by the Notman Photo Company, Boston.

An old adage has it that a Christmas Eve child is born to sorrow, and it is certainly the case that the illustrious lady who celebrated her sixtieth birthday on the 24th of this month has had more than her share of the ills of life. The early days of the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, who at the age of sixteen was to become Empress of Austria, were all that was brightest and most brilliant, but, as time passed, cares, troubles,

and tragedies, culminating in the terrible death of her only son, grouped themselves so closely round her that they ultimately shut her off from all but a few near relatives, and made of her an Imperial recluse.

For many years after her early marriage the Empress was considered the loveliest woman in Europe, and with her stately bearing, finely cut features, and beautifully poised head, she remains one of the most distinguished figures in the royal circles of Europe. The first difficulty which beset her Majesty was her reception by the ladies of the great families of Austria. It was thought that the Emperor would have paid a greater compliment to his nobility if he had chosen a bride from a more famous house than that of a collateral branch of the Wittelsbachs of Bavaria. This feeling was neither widespread nor deeply rooted, but the Emperor and his bride felt its expression keenly, and, though the original cause of the lack has been long since forgotten, her Majesty has never evinced the same cordiality towards the Viennese as towards the Hungarians, who went mad with enthusiasm over their beautiful Queen, and have throughout the reign remained her devoted slaves. Romantic instances of their chivalrous devotion used to be told during the 'sixties, and it was said that more than one of the enthusiastic young Magyars half-ruined themselves for life by the magnificent preparations they made when she consented to leave the Castle of Gödöllő, which was their coronation gift to her, and to spend an hour with them on their own estates.

A dislike of publicity and a passionate love of riding combined to keep the Empress away from the great cities of her own country, and caused her for long to spend some portion of each year in the hunting-



FERNS AT DARJEELING.
Photo by Surgeon-Major Watson.

fields of England and Ireland. The breakdown of her health compelled her to give up this, the first of her pleasures in life. Later on she was debarred from fencing, another of her favourite amusements, and when her mountaineering excursions had also to be discontinued, she found herself deprived of the whole of her everyday interests. The unhappy marriage of her only son and the refusal of the Pope and the Emperor to consent to the young Archduke's divorce preyed upon her mind, and when the Prince's death took place nine years ago at Mayerling, she retired almost completely from the world and has since led the life of a recluse.

Here is a flourishing fern if you like. It grows at Darjeeling, the summer resort of the English residents of Calcutta.

Stamp-collectors must look alive if they want to profit by the Græco-Turkish War. During the occupation of Thessaly, a special set of stamps has been issued, and, as it seems likely that the Turks may soon have to withdraw, these stamps ought to be worth collecting and keeping.

Two favourite ways of obtaining foreign stamps are (1) to write to hotel-keepers and ask the price of their rooms, and (2) to send English postal-orders with a polite request to the British Consul. When I was in Bulgaria, the Consul told me he received orders for foreign stamps in this way two or three times a week. As he was a very dignified person, I imagined he would return the money and decline to put himself out. But he told me that would be quite as much trouble as the performance of the commission. He added that nearly every Consul he knew was worried in the same way, but always supplied the stamps he was asked for. No doubt the Consular Service will bless me for publishing this piece of information.

With the New Year comes the bicentenary of the birth of Metastasio, the paragon of librettists for the Italian opera of the old and now

moribund sort. His own story might itself have been set to music. A poor lad is singing one evening in the public streets of Rome. So charming is his voice and so excellent his method that he attracts the attention of a learned and wealthy passer-by. The story of Christine Nilsson in another form. The stranger, no other than Gravina, a well-known scholar and the founder of the Society of the Arcadians at Rome, buys the lad from his impecunious father, educates him, and metamorphoses his name, Trapassi, into Metastasio. Long before his death at the advanced age of eighty-four, the Grand Opera writer and poet had been fêted and subsidised by the Courts of the Empire, Spain, and Russia, and he received while *in articulo mortis* the benediction of Pius VI.

By a curious freak of the long arm of coincidence, his career was linked with the no less romantic career of Josef Haydn. That most tuneful and prolific composer obtained one of his first stepping-stones to prosperity by becoming music master to Metastasio's niece, and a fugitive allusion to this connection was made in the book of the one-act opera, "Il Piccolo Haydn," by Antonio and Gaetano Cipollini, recently produced at the Lyric Theatre.

The peer who hasn't a profession is not in it nowadays. One noble Earl is going on the boards at the Court (the proper place for a peer), Viscount Hinton has been wheeling a piano-organette these many years, and Lord Rowton has enlarged his sphere as a lodging (or "doss") house keeper by opening a new palace for poverty at Newington Butts to accommodate 805 down-at-heel gentlemen. His lordship's "seats" now grace Vauxhall and Pentonville, while Hammersmith and White-chapel will shortly be honoured by his castles. Every one of his guests has a bedchamber all to himself at a cost of sixpence. A bath costs a penny, a shave a halfpenny. Tea or coffee may be had for a halfpenny, an egg for a penny; and then the gems of English literature may be found in the library. And yet Lord Rowton gets five per cent. on his investment. His lordship, who is a cousin of Lord Belmore, was once private secretary to Beaconsfield. He is a bachelor, a devotee of the opera, and is just approaching his fiftieth birthday.

There once was a time when a peer
Surrounded his house with a fosse;
You couldn't go possibly near,
With such an obstruction to cross.
But the peer of to-day makes his keep
A hostel where Demos may sleep,
To drowse as he may
On a tanner a day—
Which is very remarkably cheap.

What time you're the nobleman's guest,
You're said (in the jargon) to "doss,"
You dine from a plate with his crest,
Though you're only society's dross.
For the baron and beggar are one
In the race that is now being run,
Though only a vassal,
You stay in his castle,
The same as the son of a gun.

You dine on the wholesomest fare,
Where one time you gnawed at an os.
There's Dickens to read, if you care,
And also "The Mill on the Floss."
Before you retire to your cot,
You may lounge in a bath that is hot.
Like tax-paying Britons,
You're furnished with Lyttons,
And also the novels of Scott.

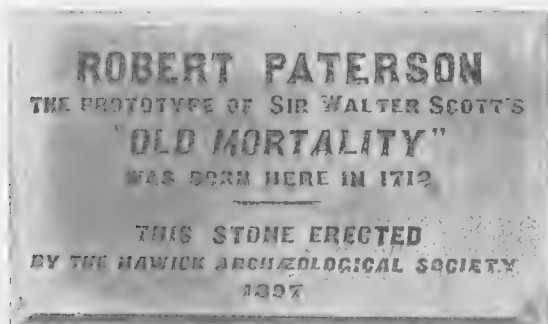
Why pine for Utopia's shores?
Why wince at Life's arrows and cuts?
A Castle of Indolence soars
Serenely at Newington Butts.
For what though your fortune be small,
The wreckage of many a squall?
Though only a jossier
Wot's known as a "dossier,"
You live in a nobleman's hall.

The removal of one of the most widely known landmarks in South London will soon be an accomplished fact. Everybody on the Surrey side of the river is familiar with the Elephant and Castle—if not with the public-house of that name, at any rate, with the traffic centre, where so many streets converge, and to which the old tavern has given a designation; while travellers by 'bus in all parts of London are acquainted with the sound, "Elephant and Cawsle." An inn known as the White Horse occupied the site of the present tavern as far back as 1672, and it was in the early half of last century that the sign of an elephant standing upon a castle was adopted. Some think that the name can be accounted for by the discovery in the adjoining archery butts at Newington of the bones of an elephant; others think that a member of the Cutlers' Company may have induced the owners to adopt their sign—an elephant with a tower or castle strapped on its back. The traffic is greatly congested at the Elephant and Castle, and the removal of the tavern with the adjoining houses has been of late the subject of frequent discussion in the local Vestry. A famous coaching-house in the early years of the century, the first stage on the London Road to Brighton, it had in its neighbourhood the meeting-house of Joanna Southcott and her disciples. In later days it was the point to which by train, car, 'bus, and on foot the crowds who came from far and near to hear Spurgeon at the adjoining Tabernacle were directed.

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I congratulate the Hawick Archaeological Society on its skill in preserving a literary landmark dear to every lover of Sir Walter Scott's writings. This is the house in which the prototype of "Old Mortality" was born. Every reader of that admirable novel, in which Scott touches with so firm a grip the conflicting tastes and interests of Covenanters and Royalists, will remember that the story was made to revolve round



IN HONOUR OF "OLD MORTALITY."

Tablet erected at Hawick.

the reminiscences of a famous old man, who was a repairer of tombs in Scottish churchyards. The original of "Old Mortality," whom Scott had met only once, and then at his occupation, was a certain Robert Paterson, who, as this stone commemorates, was born at Haggiesha' in 1712. Paterson was little more than a beggar, receiving such charity as was given to him from day to day by the kindly people among whom he moved. He travelled about with his little pony from churchyard to churchyard, interesting himself in taking away the dirt and moss which accumulated on the older tombs, many of which were those of famous Covenanters. It was the knowledge of this man which, undoubtedly, inspired Scott to tell the story which Lord Tennyson placed in the very front of his great works, a story which reproduces the characters of Claverhouse and Burley and many other typical spirits of that critical period in Scottish history.

The ceremony of unveiling Paterson's monument took place on Dec. 4, when the Rev. W. A. P. Johnman, the President of the Hawick Archaeological Society, and a number of other local celebrities were present. Mr. Johnman claimed for Paterson that he would have lived had "Old Mortality" never been written, so strong was the tradition of his exploits as a renovator of tombs. The proprietors of the *Hawick Advertiser* have published a very neat reprint of the "Old Mortality" celebration. Since the ceremony, a correspondent has thrown doubt on the birthday of Robert Paterson, claiming that he was born in 1716, and not in 1712, as stated on the tablet. It does not very much matter; the important point is that Paterson will live for all time in Scott's pages, and that his birthplace is here most pleasantly commemorated.

If it was not exactly "on the road to Mandalay," it was, at any rate, where "the flying-fishes play," or where they play with flying-fishes, that a humorous correspondent of mine—a son of Mars, appropriately enough—took the accompanying snapshot, representing a flying-fish on board a liner. He fancies it may appeal to my sense of the unusual. It does. The dexterity which caught the little winged "monster" of the deep as it came on board and reported itself to the captain of the steamship *Lusitania* (Orient Line), between Albany and Colombo, is too praiseworthy not to be exhibited in its results to the hundreds of amateur photographers who read *The Sketch*. No doubt many of them will wonder "how it was done." That is, of course, for the curious to find out, for my correspondent declares that he is "not going to give the show away." "To ease my mind," however, as he gratuitously puts it, he reveals the secret to the editorial ear. It is not very profound, and my friend lays no injunction on me to be silent; therefore, as some



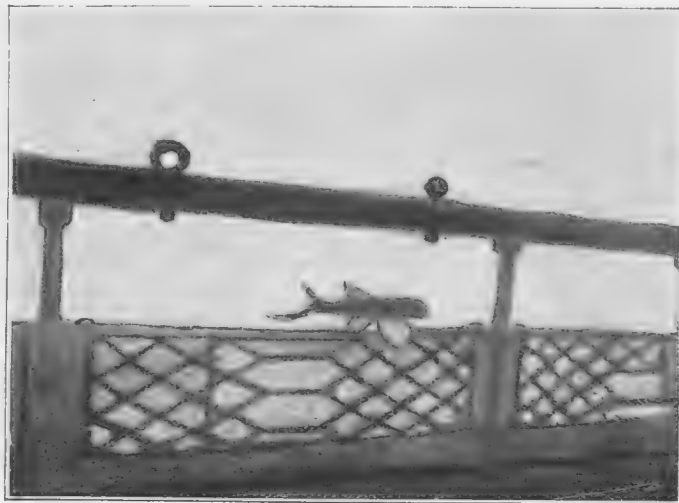
HOUSE AT HAGGIESHA', HAWICK, WHERE "OLD MORTALITY" WAS BORN.

Photo by Robinson, Hawick.

other amateur photographers may be "uneasy in their minds" (as my gallant friend evidently is) when they behold such curiosities of their art, it may be well to inform them, in the humorist's own words, that "the animal (*sic*) was dead and hung by a silk thread." The picture seems to have been taken when vessel or passengers were making very rough weather, for I am informed that, on the day in question, the difficulty of standing upright was such as to enhance greatly the value of the achievement. The tying of the silk thread, one fancies, must also have been a delicate and ticklish business.

With reference to a paragraph last week, a correspondent points out that Mr. Charles L. Eastlake is still living, and is keeper and secretary of the National Gallery at present. He is a nephew of Sir Charles Eastlake, the former President of the Royal Academy.

The music season in London is now for a brief while at rest, and the piping, the playing, and the singing are hushed in the land. It has been a full time while it lasted with the crowd of pianists that have tried their fortunes in our most appreciative metropolis. Some of these have been old friends, some have come new and untried to us. Of all foreign pianists, for example, Mlle. Chaminade, whose picture appears in another part of the present issue, always seems to appeal with peculiar effectiveness to our audiences. She just touches a sense of beauty which is a little above the commonplace, and she never rides high over the heads of the general public. Her songs are very often extremely charming, and in everything she touches she proves herself to be the possessor of a style exquisite rather than strong, neat and compact rather than largely imaginative. She plays as she composes, neatly, finely, delicately, charmingly. She represents, in fact, the absolutely feminine element in modern French music; and it is no wonder that she is exceedingly



A FLYING-FISH ON BOARD A STEAMER.

popular in consequence. In England she "draws" only a little less than the pianist of high and confessed reputation. Her name is the signal for crowded halls.

Among other pianists who have gladdened our ears this season, the name of Herr Edvard Grieg must be mentioned first. Grieg, of course, has a world-wide repute as a composer of music, which peculiarly reflects the character of his nationality, even as, according to Wagner, Auber's music at its best was the absolute expression of the spirit of Paris. And Grieg played his own music—his own songs, his own sketches, his own sonatas. He played them beautifully, sweetly, with a curious vitality and finish. He also is popular in the broadest sense of the term. His music has penetrated into the deepest fastnesses of villadom, and Suburbia—to which I mean to attach no cheap sneer—trooped up loyally to do him honour.

M. Busoni has also certainly contrived to secure something of an exceptional reputation. There can be no doubt about his cleverness or his sensitiveness to that which is best in music. He has an amazing accomplishment, too, which serves him most dutifully. This same season has witnessed the achievements of little Bruno Steindel, a boy whom all the world of criticism was at first inclined to rank with those school-room prodigies who do from time to time tire out sensible men by the extraordinary accuracy with which they have learned their lessons in pianoforte-playing. As time went by, however, it began to appear that Bruno Steindel had a particular little inspiration of his own, that, by some extraordinary gift, he had been actually visited by the light that lies just on the inner side of the gates of art.

Herr Liebling, Court pianist to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has also been here, and has testified to his own precision, his clearness, his firmness of touch, his accuracy of technique. The orchestral concert has, for the rest, been loud in the land during the past few weeks. Richter, Mottl, Lamoureux, Humperdinck, Grieg, and Edward Strauss—here is a list of the various great men who, under the auspices of various agents, have brought their powers to a display before London audiences. Poor Mr. Henschel in the onrush of this kind of concert has quite disappeared; the Philharmonic has been too much for him, and he has, with great dignity, withdrawn from the competition.

The most popular pantomimes this season are "Cinderella" and "Dick Whittington," which will be produced at nineteen different theatres each. "Aladdin" is being done in fifteen theatres, "Robinson Crusoe" in thirteen, "Red Riding Hood" in eight, "The Babes in the Wood" in five, "Bo-Peep" in four; "Beauty and the Beast," "Sinbad,"



MISS MAY MARTON AT THE TYNE THEATRE, NEWCASTLE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and "The Forty Thieves" in three each; "Puss-in-Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Blue Beard," and "Jack and the Beanstalk" in two each; and the following in one each: "Will-o'-the-Wisp," "The Yellow Dwarf," "The House that Jack Built," "Boy Blue," "Jack and Jill," and "The Enchanted Mountain."

M. Octave Mirbeau, the author of "Les Mauvais Bergers," the new play which Madame Sarah Bernhardt has just produced at her theatre in Paris, is a native of Normandy. His personality is most striking. Like an ancient Gaul, he has only his chin shaven, while his reddish moustache and light hair, and, indeed, his whole physiognomy, reveal his Gothic descent. It might be imagined that in some age long gone by M. Mirbeau figured in a Bayeux tapestry, on which Queen Matilda embroidered the images of the brave companions whom her husband William took with him to conquer our island. It is about fifteen years ago that M. Mirbeau made his début in literature, his first contributions to journalism appearing in the *Gaulois*. He was one of the first to recognise the genius of Maeterlinck, and his eulogies have much increased the popularity of the Belgian poet. M. Mirbeau is, in fact, happy in discovering merit. He has done much by his pen to help Auguste, the sculptor, Claude Monet, the painter, and Henry Becque, the dramatist. As a novelist, Mirbeau is known for his "Le Calvaire," which appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* about ten years ago, and "Sébastien Roch"; his "Lettres de ma Chaumière" are full of a most delicious irony. In all his writings we can see the spirit of the literary man of the North. His strange, topaz-coloured eyes, tinged with green and blue, and a scar between his eyebrows, give his simple, regular face a look of curious complexity, which, however, does not always hide his aggressive but staunch character.

It will be remembered that a legal action caused the abandonment of the tour with "Sweet Nancy" that Miss Annie Hughes and her husband, Mr. Edmund Maurice, had contemplated a few months ago. I presume that "all is serene" for the announced campaign with the same piece at the Avenue early in the New Year. Personally, I could enjoy Miss Annie Hughes's performances in "Sweet Nancy" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea" for quite a long series of evenings. I shall be glad to see again Miss Nancy's eldest sister, Lena Ashwell's, charming assumption of Barbara, a part played at the Court by the just-married Miss Beryl Faber.

The Ibsen drama is pursuing fearlessly its wild career. "John Gabriel Borkman" has been performed both in New York, by the Criterion Independent Theatre, and in Paris, by the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. The latter institution has also been giving "Rosmersholm" at Monte Carlo, a place which I associate less with the "Norwegian Master" than with the hero of Charles Coborn's once famous ditty.

Eureka has come out with a capital Christmas Number, which contains the most complete biography (in interview form) of Dan Leno I have yet seen.

The latest publisher is Mr. John Long, of Chandos Street, Strand. What between John Long and John Lane and "Long John" (the last will not be known to any member of a Band of Hope), we have a lively time.

You ask, How long will a London crowd wait to see a popular play? (writes a correspondent). I don't imagine it is a representative case; on the contrary, I fancy it must be the record in the way of street-waiting. Business chanced to take me up Shaftesbury Avenue between half-past nine and a quarter to ten on the morning of the day Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened the New English Opera House with "Ivanhoe," a few years ago. From the top of the omnibus I counted seven men and four women encamped in a double row outside the pit entrance. I think the performance began at half-past eight, which would mean waiting in an increasing crush for about eleven hours. I know this has been beaten in Paris, but would like to hear if first-night enthusiasm—or mania—has gone further in London.

Victorien Sardou's new play "Pamela," with "La Marchande de Frivolités" as sub-title, which is announced for early production at the Paris Vaudeville Théâtre, deals with the poor little Dauphin of Revolutionary days, and the Royalist attempt to rescue him from his prison in the Temple. The unhappy boy, whose descendants the



MISS MADGE MERRY AS COLIN IN "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

Photo by Langflier, Glasgow.

Naundorffs claim to be, was one of the characters introduced by the late W. G. Wills into his semi-historical play "Ninon," brought out at the Adelphi some sixteen or seventeen years ago. M. Sardou, of course, deals with the theme in his own way.

When I say that the Grand Theatre, Croydon, is owned by Mr. George Edwardes, it is easy to understand how excellent the pantomime "Cinderella" is. It has been specially arranged and written by Mr. Horace Lennard and the music composed by Mr. Meyer Lutz. Madame Katti Lanner is directing the ballets, and the scenery is painted by Messrs. R. C. Oldham and E. G. Banks. Everything for the production is entirely new—book, scenery, dresses, and properties. Miss Maggie May, who made such a success at Daly's Theatre lately, plays Cinderella, and among the members of a very efficient company are Miss Grace Palotta, Miss Gracie Leigh, Mr. Fred Wright junior, and Mr. Lionel Rignold. The Harlequinade is by the Griffiths and Sando troupe.

Miss Elsa Moxter, who recently appeared at the Palace Theatre, figures in "Cinderella" at the Garrick.

Mr. John Hollingshead corrects the correspondent who corrected Mr. Austin Brereton in these columns, remarking that Alfred Wigan engaged Miss Constance Loseby to play the part of his daughter when he acted Achille Talma Dufard in "The First Night," during his season at the old Queen's—

Your correspondent need not have gone to Knightsbridge with the late W. H. Swanborough, as in 1865-67, when I was the stage director of the Alhambra, Miss Constance Loseby was with me at that leading theatre of varieties. She had other "turns," as she was very industrious, sang duets occasionally with her mother, Madame "Losebini," and travelled nightly in an open gig about sixteen miles. Her father was in the chorus; and her husband was Mr. John Caulfield, the musical conductor, a son of Mrs. Caulfield, of Buckstone's Haymarket Company. She was never at the "New Queen's"—Mr. Labouchere's theatre. When the Gaiety Theatre was built for me by Mr. Lionel Lawson, I took her with me (as I did Miss Tremaine of the "halls," now Madame Amadi of the opera), and she appeared in the opening operetta, "The Two Harlequins" (from the French, music by Emile Jonas),

and in Gilbert's opening burlesque, "Robert the Devil." Mr. Alfred Wigan was my leading man, as Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal) was my leading lady, for the middle *pièce de résistance*—not a bad triple bill for the despised 'sixties, "prices from sixpence, No Fees"? When the usual difficulty arose of finding suitable pieces for Alfred Wigan—always a most difficult man to fit—"The First Night" was, of course, revived, in which Alfred Wigan stamped himself as the greatest character-actor of the day. If anything could be lifted from the despised 'sixties (and I may add 'fifties), I should like to see Beerbohm Tree as the father of the débutante. Miss Constance Loseby played the part of the débutante for the first time at the Gaiety (1869), being, like Mr. Alfred Wigan, a member of my stock company. She was never discovered or "caught up" by Mr. Alfred Wigan. She was not required to do "justice to his discrimination," because I cast her myself for the part, and probably annoyed him by mating him with a "music-hall" singer. Miss Constance Loseby (who seldom sings now) had a peculiar double voice—a soprano joined to a contralto, with a break, and the late Sir Julius Benedict told me it had much of the Alboni quality. Whatever it had or wanted, it was not deficient in sympathetic charm, especially in old English ballads like "The Thorn" and "Sally in Our Alley." In conjunction with her companion, Miss "Nellie" Farren, she did much to establish the popularity of the Gaiety Theatre.

Gordonism is apparently capable of indefinite expansion. A clever Aberdeen journal, called *Bon-Accord* (after the Granite City itself), has just issued a full-page drawing of the Duchess of Gordon raising the regiment. She is mounted on a white pony, and wears the famous bonnet of which the Gordons possess the original. I may say that three men connected with illustrated journalism in London at this moment were closely connected with *Bon-Accord*.

"The Bravest Man in the World."

In such wise, in large capitals, filling the top of a broad page, does an American paper extol the valour of Piper Milne of the Gordon Highlanders. The very positive application of the superlative is pardonable perhaps in the present instance.



MISS ELSA MOXTER, NOW APPEARING IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IANA, STRAND.

PANTOMIME PRINCIPALS.

By the time you have got this copy of *The Sketch*, London will be ringing with pantomime. Never before, perhaps, has there been such a show of pantomime in town, for now every suburban theatre adds its quota.

One must, of course, begin with Drury Lane, where Miss Violet Robinson appears as principal girl in "The Babes in the Wood." Miss Robinson is a Londoner. After leaving school, she studied for about six years at the Royal Academy of Music, under Mr. Fred Walker, gaining four medals and four certificates, and graduating with the highest honour and the distinction of the title of "A.R.A.M." Her first professional appearance was at the Duke of York's Theatre, in the principal part in "The Wooden Spoon"—a curtain-raiser to "The Wedding Eve"—from which engagement she was secured by Mr. Lowenfeld for two years, and with one bound reached the front rank of her profession. During that two years she was lent to Mr. George Edwardes for "The Gaiety Girl," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and then to Mr. Abud for the principal singing part in "King Kodak." Then she was entrusted with the chief singing part with Mr. Arthur Roberts in "Claude Duval," after which she went on tour with "His Excellency" to play Christina, returning for the production of "The Gay Parisienne" at the Duke of York's, and now she is making her first excursion into pantomime-land. Miss Robinson says she is "very keen on cycling, as she thoroughly believes in riding, especially for anyone with nerves," and unfortunately for herself, this bright little lady is a bunch of those nineteenth-century afflictions.

For the first time in its career the Garrick is swept into the swirl of the season, for Mr. Oscar Barrett produces "Cinderella" there. Miss Helen Bertram, the very handsome young American soprano whom Mr. Oscar Barrett has been fortunate enough to secure for his Prince, has been on this side only a few months; but when she came she conquered, and, though pantomime is altogether a novel experience for her, she says she has never enjoyed anything more in her life, and some very pretty songs and ballads have been written in for her. Miss Bertram made her first appearance here during the recent Carl Rosa opera season at Covent Garden Theatre as Felise in "Mignon," but later on sang Santuzza in "Cavalleria," Arline in "The Bohemian Girl," and Nedda in "Pagliacci," and a little later on was secured to replace Miss Florence St. John in the title-role of "La Périchole" during the last few weeks of the run of that opera at the Garrick. She is an Illinois girl, and the first member of her family to become a professional; but, after finishing her education in Indianapolis, she went to study music in New York, and soon became an accomplished pianist; but discovering she was the possessor of a good and promising voice, she at once had it trained under Madame Muriel Celli and Madame Cappiani, and later on "finished" under Madame Eugene Pappenheim. On her return home she

took part in some amateur performances of Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and was especially successful in "The Mikado," and, deciding to adopt the stage professionally, she studied for a short time, and then joined Madame Emma Abbot's company. Then she "went out" with Mr. J. C. Duff's opera company (the great Gilbert and Sullivan producer of America), after which she became a member of the McCaull company, and later of the Bostonians, only resigning her position with them to join Mr. Henry E. Abbey's English Opera company for New York. After this Miss Bertram's ambition led her to sigh for wider fields, and she came abroad, though without influence or introductions. She simply sang everywhere and to everyone, but quickly "got there," and is quite enchanted with both theatrical and operatic work in London, as well as with the managers and her brother and sister actors and actresses. Miss Bertram is the wife of the clever actor Mr. E. J. Henley, and sister-in-law to Mr. W. E.

Henley. As well as the above-named, her repertoire includes Saffi in "The Gipsy Baron," Mina in "The Beggar Student," and Stella in "Clover," and the leading rôles in "Martha," "Maid Marian," "Robin Hood," "War Time Wedding," "Prince Ananias," "The Seven Swabians," and "La Basoche."

Miss Grace Dudley, who plays Cinderella to Miss Bertram's Prince, is a native of Melbourne. She came to England three years ago a mere child, and with one week's professional experience only, although she had earned some notice as an amateur. Her first English engagement was with "The New Boy," in which she appeared as Nancy Roach in the provinces. Her first London appearance was as Millicent in "Miss Brown," a very small part, and her earliest original character. She was appointed understudy to Miss May Palfrey in this piece, and was so fortunate as to be entrusted with the leading part on several occasions. When "Miss Brown" went on tour, the feminine lead was left in her hands, and she played it until a year ago, when she left the company to appear as Cinderella in the pantomime of that name at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. She then joined the No. 2 Company of "The Circus Girl," under Mr. George Edwardes,

who transferred her to Company No. 1, and a month later to the Gaiety Theatre, where she maintained the part for which she had been originally engaged, that of Dora Wemyss. After a sojourn of a few weeks only at the Gaiety, she was invited by Mr. Oscar Barrett to accept the part of Cinderella at the Garrick. Mr. Edwardes refused to stand in the light of a young artist who had made such rapid advances under his own management, and generously cancelled her engagement.

King Humbert recently visited an Italian hospital and left a sum of money with the directors, so that the patients might each have some additional delicacy in honour of the event. One of the sick men, hearing of this, complained that his dinner had been no better than usual. The nurse explained to him: "My good fellow, the state of your health doesn't permit of any change in your diet, but the doctor had ordered you a dozen leeches, and, as a treat, we are going to apply eighteen."



MISS HELEN BERTRAM.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS GRACE DUDLEY, THE PRINCIPAL GIRL IN THE GARRICK THEATRE PANTOMIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS NIGGER.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

It is sad to be little and poor and black and to have no relations. It is sad at any time, but at Christmas it seems even worse, for at this blessed season all the blessed things of life seem to count for more than on ordinary days.

Little George Washington Jones waked early on Christmas morning, and he saw the stockings stuffed with toys hanging before the mantel, but he lay very still. He did not feel like getting up. Even when the other children waked and began scrambling for their stockings, he kept his eyes shut and did not move, although he really did peep with the eye next the blanket—just to see what they were getting. He peeped as long as it did any good to peep; but one can't see anything when tears keep coming and coming, and so, after a while, George just closed his eyes and didn't try to see any more. But he could hear. He heard Pete's tin horn even before he heard Pete say, "Hello! lis'n at my ho'n." And presently he heard little wheels rattling on the floor, and a drum, and, after a while, he heard the report of a toy-pistol and he smelt the powder, and he said to himself, "I hear Christmas—an' I smell it too," which just about expressed it. And he cried softly—'way down in his little stomach, under the blankets.

George stayed in bed as long as he dared—until he smelt the bacon frying for breakfast, in fact—and then, of course, he had to get up, and he tried to behave in as natural a way as possible and not to show that he felt lonely. Indeed, when he went into the kitchen where the family were and saw all the children's new Christmas things, he tried to be pleased, and so he was—in a way—but his lip wouldn't quite behave itself and stop trembling. And then, when little Tom's mother, Caroline, said to him, "Let George blow yo' horn a little while, son," he couldn't blow it to save his life. And then they all saw how he felt, and little Luce Ann broke all the stomach out of her candy cow and gave it to him, and M'ria Jane offered to let him play her Jew's-harp; and even the baby, seeing that something was wrong, toddled up and offered to kiss him, whereupon he started to bawl out aloud. And then he was ashamed of bawling, and began wiping his eyes on his sleeve and saying "dog-gone," to try to seem more manly. And then old Uncle Ben called him over to where he sat, and patted him on the head and said, "Don't fret, honey; Gord knows best," which was the worst of all, as it reminded him that his grandfather had died only three days before, and that he hadn't a relation in the world, and was only staying with "Aunt Caroline," who wasn't his real aunt at all, just for a few days "until something could be done for him."

His grandfather had often spoken to him of his "going home," and told him that he might have to go suddenly, and that his little grandson would be lonely for a while, but that, after a time, it would pass off. And he told him that he would almost surely have hard times for a while, harder than he himself had ever had, because, as he expressed it, he had "lived in clover" all his life. He had been selected from five hundred field-hands by his master in the old slave days, and sent as a Christmas gift to the loveliest and sweetest mistress in all the world. This was when he was a tiny boy younger than George, and he had "fom dat time for'rd jest lived along wid de quality."

The story of his life was one he loved to tell. It was like a beautiful fairy-tale, in which the young mistress was the Princess, and old Solon—or young Solon, as he was then—the little black page always at her elbow when needed. Like most of the old plantation stories, it ended with "An' den de war come." The time since the war George almost remembered, or he thought he did, for his name was in it whenever his grandfather told it. And it was not in any way like a fairy-tale. Everything was different. The plantation was gone to strangers, and all the old white folks were dead and their children scattered; and now even old Solon had "gone home" too, and here was George left—just George, ten years old, little, black, sensitive, not very strong—just George.

George knew that Aunt Caroline had all the children she needed already, and so she wouldn't want any second-hand boys—for keeps. It was very kind of her to let him stay for a while. Indeed, to tell the truth, little simple-hearted George Washington Jones would not have been satisfied to belong to Aunt Caroline, even had she wished it, and the reason seems very funny until one understands it. It was because she was coloured. He was black himself, it is true, and so had been his grandfather and all his near relations, and he would never have thought of objecting to the colour of his own family. But when it came to attaching himself to strangers—to "b'longin'," as he expressed it to himself—that was another thing. All his people had lived with "folks," and when an old-time darkey says "folks," why, he means quality white folks—"none o' yo' po' white trash."

His grandfather had begun service standing behind his young mistress's chair, fanning her while she practised her music-lessons, lifting the heavy books from the rack and putting them back; and then he had led her horse to the door and arranged her skirts while she placed her little foot in the stirrup. Then he had ridden behind her, to be on call if she should need him; and when she had married, he had been her coachman.

The little boy thought a great deal about all this while he lay on his

little pallet under Aunt Caroline's roof. He knew changes were coming for him, and he wondered, when all should be settled, what sort of "folks" he would have, and how was he to get them?

It was while he lay here on Christmas Eve night that a plan came into his mind. And while he was turning it over, Pete, who lay on the next pallet, said aloud, "To-morrer'll be Christmas." And then all the children began wondering what Santa Claus would fetch them; and then someone asked George what he wanted, and he said he "wouldn't tell." This made them curious, and so they began guessing.

"Is it a toot-horn?" said one.

"Better 'n dat," replied George.

"Is it a waggon?"

"Better 'n dat."

"Is it a roller-horse?"

"No, better 'n dat."

"Well, is it gold?"

"Better 'n dat."

"Silver?"

"Better 'n dat."

"Diamonds?"

"Better 'n dat."

"Oh, shoo! Dey ain't got no better 'n dat." The guessers were impatient, and so they changed the form of the question.

"Does you expec' to git it?" asked Pete, rising on his elbow. There was doubt expressed in his question, and George resented it.

"Yas, I expec' to git it," he answered with spirit. "You reckon I gwine fool my time away wushin' for some'h'n 'nother I ain't got no chance o' gittin'?"

Pete dropped down on his pillow to think it over, and Tom called out from the crib, "Who gwine fetch it to you? Santa Claus?"

George hesitated, just a moment. Then he answered—

"Nobody ain't gwine fetch it to me. I wouldn't trus' 'em. I gwine after it myself."

This was really very interesting, and, if Pete and the other children wondered over it, so did George himself. Under fire of their persistent questionings, he had rashly committed himself to a plan that had popped into his head barely five minutes before, and it was a plan that would change his whole life. After this, he refused to say another word on the subject. The fact is, he was too much excited over it to trust himself to speak of it, and it was one of those things that grow more exciting the more they are thought about.

The Christmas gift that George had wished for—that he had declared he was going to have—was no less than this. It was a beautiful young mistress. In speaking of the great day of his own life, his grandfather had often said, "Of co'se, when I was give to my young mistus, by dat same ac' she was give to me, for my Christmas gif." You can't give a pusson a servant widout givin' dat servant a boss."

And so at this critical moment, when his standing among the children was being impeached, he had made the decision of his life. He would be a Christmas gift to some lady of his choice. There were lots of beautiful ones living in the big houses along Prytania Street—in the lovely places where the lawns and stables and carriage-ways were.

He would simply start out on Christmas morning, ring the bell at a gate where one of the "fairy ladies" lived, and tell her that he was her Christmas gift, and that would settle it. He was so full of the idea that he slipped away after breakfast and took a long walk, studying up the different places, so as to decide where to go next morning. There was one where a crowd of boys played in the yard that was very tempting, but it did not satisfy his imagination. There must be the young mistress, a sweet young lady, and he would like her to have long yellow curls, and, if possible, he would have her play on a gilt harp, as his grandfather's young mistress had done. But, of course, he could not insist on the harp, as, if young ladies played the harp, they played it indoors, probably, and little coloured boys passing along the street couldn't tell who played harps and who didn't.

George walked a long way this morning—up one side the street and down the other—but he could not make up his mind. When he got home, supper was ready, but, as soon as it was over, he slipped to the garret room, and, going to his little hair trunk, selected his "Sunday clo'es," and began trying them on. He wanted to realise what manner of Christmas gift he was going to be. The "pants" had belonged to a bigger boy before they became his, and they had to be "gallused up" pretty high, and the coat was rather short in the sleeves, and his shoes were not mates, one being black and the other tan; but he had a white shirt that he had worn only once—to his grandfather's funeral—and a military cap, and when he presently glanced at himself in the mirror of the children's bureau, he said, "A white shirt an' a soljer cap, sho', do set a pusson off."

A great many poor children, both black and white, wore old soldier caps in those days, gray or blue left-overs from the war, just as they happened to get them. George's was blue, and it had a bullet-hole in it that made him feel very dangerous whenever he thought about it.

The cracks in the old mirror divided him into sections, as he strutted before it, but, by a very simple effort of the imagination, he reconstructed a very presentable "little nigger." He thought of himself in this way, because he remembered that, when his grandfather was sent as a Christmas



Siegfried is carried out to hunt, and in the hour of frankest gaiety is stabbed through the fatal spot.—CARLYLE.

present, there was a little paper tied to his arm by a blue ribbon, and on it were written these lines—

I'm a little Christmas nigger;
I ain't very big, but I'll soon grow bigger.

The lines were written, as a playful introduction, by his young mistress's father, and were merrily received.

George would have liked a "po'try-verse" to pin on himself, but that was impossible, as he barely knew his A B C. He could recite these same lines, though, as he approached the young lady—and so he would. He was a "little nigger," and they would just suit.

He moved back a few paces, curtsied to the glass, and slowly repeated the words; and then he stopped and critically surveyed himself.

"Wush-t I was a little purtier," he said quite seriously; "but maybe she won't mind, ef I step high an' ac' mannerly," and, squaring his shoulders, he strutted back and forth several times. When the rehearsal was over, he felt in better spirits, and, slipping off his clothes and hiding them away again, he got into bed and tried to go to sleep. He could not trust himself to meet any of the children again to-night.

"I got too bad a 'tack't o' de dry grins—dey'd know some'h'n was up," he said to himself, as he shut his eyes. And presently, when he was about half-way to dreamland, he seemed to see his grandfather's face looking at him proudly, and he thought, "Yas, an' he'll be prouder yit ef he looks down on me day after to-morrer and sees me wid my new folks."

And by this time he was all the way into the dream country, and he saw himself, a serious little black boy in a Continental coat and knee-breeches, and with a feather in his hat, following behind the new mistress and carrying her books, just as his grandfather had so often described himself as doing in the old days. And instead of Aunt Caroline's roof, there were beautiful arching trees above his head, and he seemed to hear mocking-birds in the branches, and there were sounds of horses' hoofs and carriage-wheels coming up the drive to the great house.

It seemed strange that after going to bed with so brave a heart and dreaming dreams so splendid he should have been so easily upset in the morning; but when he saw the cheap toys sticking out of the stockings, something seemed to happen—"way down in his insides," and everything went wrong for some minutes. And he thrust his head under the cover and let the trouble sob itself away quietly, and he said in his mind, "Ef I had des a f-f-few kinfolks—even ef dey was coloured—" And just about then it was that the other children waked, and the great day began.

When breakfast was over George felt in better spirits, and he said to himself, "Time for me to be gwine, ef I'm gwine—an' I sho' is gwine, ef de co't knows itse'f." And he even whistled softly while he climbed the ladder to the garret and began to dress for his journey. When he was ready, he selected a few cherished things from his grandfather's, tied them with his surplus garments in an old bandana handkerchief, attached the bundle to his umbrella, "casen it mought rain," and, swinging it behind him, he clambered out on the roof, let himself down through a fig-tree into the yard, and was soon out in the street, his bundle over his shoulder.

It was a lovely Christmas Day, warm, with a sweet flower-scented breeze from the gardens along Prytania Street—everybody in New Orleans knows about Christmases like this—and when the little Christmas gift started down between the handsome houses that face the street on either side, he held his head high, but his heart thumped so that he panted a little. But he would get over this, as there was no hurry. He could ring any gate-bell any minute, and before you could say Jack Robinson he would belong on the inside.

There was a big house somewhere, with two lions of stone guarding the front steps. If he could find this house to-day, he would ask if a yellow-haired lady, who played on a gilt harp, lived there, and, if so, he would make his bow and his speech—and the thing would be done.

While he was thinking of this and saying to himself, "I wonder do dem rock lions think I'd be a-skeered of 'em," there came out upon the porch of one of the fine houses a lovely young lady, who began to gather roses from the trellis. "I'd take you—harp or no harp," he said to himself, and, hesitating just a minute to get a good breath, he reached up and pulled the bell. And just at this moment exactly she disappeared in the door, and a fat black woman answered the call.

"What you want fooling wid dat bell, nigger?" she called angrily, so angrily that George decided that he wasn't decided whether he wanted to go there to live or not. And so he said—

"Do de young lady what live here play on de Jew's-harp?" He meant to say harp, and, indeed, he thought he had said it, but the woman knew better.

"Jew's-harp!" she repeated contemptuously. "Pass on; you at de wrong gate." It took some minutes to get over this; and he passed several lovely places before he found courage to stop again, but after a while an open gate tempted him, and he walked in, hoping that a fair-haired princess might herself open the door, which, indeed, she happened to do. But when she looked down at him and said "Well?" in a freezing tone, he couldn't have made his speech to save his life. "Well?" she repeated; "what do you want?" And he answered quickly, "I don't want nothin'." I was des a-passin' by, an I—I thought I'd drap in an'—an'— He had already turned to go when he heard her say to a servant, "See if there is any stale bread. Maybe he's hungry." This was not pleasant, and, although it was a most impolite thing to do, he called out over his shoulder as he neared the gate, "I ain' no beggar. I come to fetch you a present—but I done changed my mind."

At two other places the servants refused to show him in unless he would tell his errand, and, as he would not offer himself to a mistress

whom he had never seen, he had to go away. All this took up time, and, besides, it used up courage. When he had been walking an hour he had not offered himself to anybody, but he kept walking. The streets were filling with people going to church, many of them beautiful ladies with kind faces, and he said to himself, "I sho' is got a daisy lot to choose from." The trouble was, he couldn't approach them on the street, not knowing what sort of houses they lived in, and when they went into church he lost them.

He was getting pretty tired, and so, when, after a few more rebuffs, he rang another bell, he called out "Want a boy in heah?" The Christmas gift part he could bring in afterwards—if the lady suited. But the gate had slammed on the servant's "No!" before he knew it, and he passed on. There was a sweet-looking young lady ahead of him now, and he hastened to overtake her. "Lady," he said at her elbow, "does you know air nice white 'oman wha' want a lakey boy—about my size—for a Chr—?"

Before George could finish his sentence, she had dropped a nickel in his hand and hurried on. The boy looked at the coin, and his eyes filled. "Hucommee dey all takes me for a beggar," he said aloud, "wid dis—dis white shirt on, an'—an' all dese clo'es?"

A blind beggar sat with a tin cup beside him against a fence near, and George glanced at the tin cup and then at the nickel. Then he looked at a fruit-stand across the way, and when he presently passed down the other side, there were five bananas in his hand, and then four, and by the time he reached the gate where the lions were, five empty banana-skins lay along the gutter, and their insides were being converted into courage; and the courage was all through George Washington Jones, so that, when he jerked the bell at the "Lion-gate," he nearly pulled it out, and a dog barked at him so suddenly that, when the servant came to the gate, there was no one there. George was already asking the gardener at the second gate beyond if his mistress didn't need a little boy. She did not need one. Nobody answered the next bell, or the next; and next one, George called out to the servant, "As' de lady o' de house do she want a Christmus gif, of a handy little bo-o-o-y."

She didn't want one either, and after this he offered himself frankly at all the fine houses. It was getting late, and his umbrella and bundle were getting heavier and heavier. Besides, if the mistresses matched the houses, any one of them would do. But evidently boys were not in demand. Nobody wanted one—not even as a gift. At several houses the people laughed at the idea, and asked him a question or two, and gave him a cake or an apple. One lady did say that she might try him, if he were only a little bigger, whereupon he declared that he *was* bigger. "It's dese here pants," he insisted; "dey makes me look little." And then, remembering his poem, he placed his hand on his breast and recited it bravely. The assembled family screamed with delight over this performance, and told him that if he would come round later, when the men of the family were at home, and *do it over again*, they would give him his dinner and a dime. They seemed to think the whole thing was a joke. Evidently they did not know about quality ways.

The sun was getting low when George turned out of the avenue of noble houses into a side-street. His stomach was full of assorted gratuities, and it ached with the unfriendliness thereof. He did not know what else to do, and so he walked on. The neighbourhood thinned out and cheapened as he went, and, after a while, the heads of families sat in shirt-sleeves on the front stoops, and some of them were coloured. At one gate there was an empty bench, and he sat down. Of course, it was foolish to come out here, but the very thought of ringing any more bells on the avenue sickened him. He could not go back to Aunt Caroline and face the children until he should have something to tell. Of course, he would go then. He looked out toward the swamp and back to the avenue, and two great tears came slowly into his eyes, and ran down.

And just then a fat brown woman in a purple calico dress came out of the gate and sat beside him. And when she saw his tears, and his bundle, and his old shoes, she took her apron and wiped his eyes and said, "Nemmine."

And George put his head in her lap and sobbed, and while she smoothed his hair with her warm hand she wiped her own eyes.

Dark comes suddenly on Christmas, and when, after a while, Sarah, the purple-calicoed woman, walked into the house with her arm around the boy, she lit her candle. Then she took off his cap and hung it up and laid his bundle on a little bed. The two had talked it all out on the little bench at the gate, and they seemed to understand each other. After she lit the candle she went presently and fetched a small tin-type and put it in George's hand. It was the picture of a little black boy.

"Dis is him," she said, "befo' he was took sick." And then she added, "When I looked out an' saw yo' little legs hanging under de bench, seemed like he had come back to me. You favours him consider'ble—in de legs."

"B—b—but he was a heap purtier 'n what I is," George stammered. And the woman, looking him over, said, "You'd look mighty different, baby, git a handy 'oman a-holt o' you—wid a few buttons—" And presently she added, "Dat boughten suit he's got on in de picture—I got it put away—it'd jes' about fit you, but, of co'se, less'n you was a mighty good boy—"

"I feered I ain't good enough—not fur dat," George replied thoughtfully; "I sins awful, sometimes. Des a while ago, I sasses a white 'oman, 'caze I thought she scorned we wid her eye. An' den I see she was cross-eyed."

"Den you ought to tol' her dat you was sorry, boy."

"I would 'a' done it, but she up an' flung a brickbat at me. She was a Irish lady."



MDLLE. CHAMINADE, THE COMPOSER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

There were two at supper to-night in Sarah's cabin, and when she went to set the table, she hesitated some time before she took from the cupboard a little tin plate with the alphabet pressed into the rim, and set it beside her own. And when George began spelling his name on the plate, she made an excuse to go back to the cupboard for something she did not need, and when she came back she filled his glass, although it was only half emptied.

Notwithstanding the late lamented bananas and his resulting stomach-ache, George ate heartily, but the woman only minced, and often she looked tenderly at the boy beside her, but the face she saw was the one in the tin-type.

It was a cosy little supper, and after it was over she and her little guest sat and talked as those who have always known each other. It was still early when she put him to bed, for she saw that he was very tired. He must have confided his whole plan to her, for while she tucked him in she was saying—

"Yes, I know de lady at de 'Lion-gate'; she's looking for a little boy, to bresh de flies off her, an' hunt her spec's, an'—what dat you say? No, dey ain't no young ladies in dat house. An' de ole lady she's mighty deef and religious. But she's lookin' for a hones' little boy widout no kin, and I know she'd take you in a minute. An' you could straddle de lions an' play horsey on 'em when you warn't busy, an' you'd have brass buttons, an' tote a silver tray."

She was sitting beside the bed now, and, remembering his little colic, she was rubbing her hand gently over his body as she spoke.

"An ef you stays wid me," she continued, "you know, I takes in washin', and you'd haf to help me lif' my tubs an' empty suds, an' tote clo'es back and fo'th, too, sometimes. My little Joe, he was jes' as stiddy as a man. He could count change, an' tell time by de clock; but, of co'se, you'd learn all dat."

George did not answer right off, but presently he said—

"I—I—I ain't dissipated, no ways—but I ain't sho' ef I's stiddy or not. B—b—but I kin tell time. I got gran'daddy's silver watch—and I got his spec's, too. An' maybe dey mought suit yo' eyes—ef—ef—"

Neither one said anything for quite a while, and then the boy spoke again, "S'posen I was to stay w—w—wid you, wh—wh—what kin would you be to me?"

She leaned nearer him as she answered—

"I'd be des de same as yo' mammy, baby."

There was another silence. And then he spoke again.

"An' does mammaies rub dey little boy's belly-aches wid dey warm hands, dat-a-way, lak you rubbin' mine?"

"Dey does if it eases 'em, honey. He used to like me to rub his little pains when he over-et, or ef he was chilled maybe; but ef it frets you—"

She began taking her hand away; but he caught it in both his and drew it back. "Kepp orn," he muttered.

And she began stroking his body again. He turned his head, not seeming to know that he did it, until it just fitted into the soft warm place beneath her chin—against her breast and shoulder. And presently she knew that he was sobbing, and she laid her cheek against his hair and wet it with her tears.

"An'—an'—an' wh—wh—what kin would I be to—to you?" he sobbed after a while.

She took a long time to answer this. And then she said—

"You'd des be my little boy."

And in a minute, she added, "Didn't you take notice to dat little plate I give you to eat yo' supper out'n to-night? He used to spell his name on dat plate; and when I set it out for you, I say to myself, 'Ef he spells his titles out on it, I'll take it for a sign from Heaven'—dat is, of co'se, ef you wants to stay."

For answer, a thin black arm came from under the cover and drew the woman's head down, and presently into her ear there came a faint whisper, "I gwine stay."

And, after a while, he added, "Even ef—ef dey was a sweet young lady wid yaller curls in—in—in de 'Lion-gate,' I'd a heap ruther stay wid you—even ef she played on a gol' harp—ef I gwine be yo' sh—sho' 'nough little boy."

MADAME EDITH GREY.

Madame Edith Grey, whose portrait I reproduce, is a lady whose talent as a vocalist should do much for her in her profession. She is the seventh daughter of the late L. B. Burnand, of *Lloyd's*, and cousin of Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*. In 1890, Madame Grey began an extended tour of the United States, where she did not only a great deal of church-choir, concert, and oratorio work, but travelled two years with a ladies' quartette and sang in light opera. In Chicago she was soprano soloist at the Holy Name Cathedral. While there Madame Grey also supported the part of Josephine in "Pinafore," at the Lincoln Theatre, and sang at most of the Philharmonic Concerts. In March of this year she returned to London, and resumed her concert and oratorio work. Madame Grey recognises that no success should deter the artist from severe and thorough study, and is consequently still hard at work with Madame Cellini, a pupil of Marchesi. She is determined to make a name in London, and, that being so, will, no doubt, do so. She has at any rate, two great qualifications for the arduous task she has set herself—perseverance and an extended experience of provincial work. Such an apprenticeship as hers is a first essential to success, and must surely tell in the long run.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. William Watson has not let the season go by without giving us a volume of his verse. Mr. Lane has issued "The Hope of the World" in a very slender volume, and it has the appearance of having been forced out of the poet. The considerable poems are as careful as ever, only what they want in bulk, in order to make a book of anything like orthodox size, has been made up by stray album verses and suchlike, as dead and flat as things of their kind generally contrive to be. A zealously indiscreet editor is sure to collect these scattered nothings one day for Mr. Watson. To have them stamped by the poet's own approval makes one gasp. Of course, the good things are all serious-minded. It will not be by love-songs nor by light verse Mr. Watson will be remembered, though he has attempted both. It is the religious Whence and Whither question that is his best inspiration here, and he gives no very flattering answer as the result of his inquiry. "The Hope of the World" is a thoughtful poem, and a sturdy one; and it is clothed in the melodious dignity of words and metre which Mr. Watson possesses the skill of more than any other of the poets of the day, when the subject suits his rather sober genius. Here, in an address to Hope, almost defiant in its tone, is the upshot of his ponderings on human fate—

Carry thy largesse hence,
Light Giver! Let me learn
To abjure the opulence
I have done nought to earn;
And on this world no more
To cast ignoble slight,
Counting it but the door
Of other worlds more bright.

Here, where I fail or conquer, here is my concern.

Ere long, I feel sure, the Positivists will sing these words at Newton Hall.

The "Ode in May," warmer, more passionate, sings the nuptials of the Sun and Earth—the mysterious marriage from which sprang human nature, with all its strange complexities—

We are children of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering, also, and tears.
Magnificent out of the dust we came,
And abject from the Spheres.

The picture of the wedding morn, "a prosperous morn in May," is one of the brightest spots in Mr. Watson's work—the very life-blood of the season we hear coursing in such lines as

The confident prime of the day,
And the dauntless youth of the year,
When nothing that asks for bliss,
Asking aright, is denied,
And half of the world a bridegroom is,
And half of the world a bride.

But it is significant of the temper of the book that the mood of disenchantment produces the best poem. The gem of the collection is "The Lost Eden," wherein he tells of man's fall from his high estate when he found he was but a little thing in a wide universe. It was not his own discovery, thinks Mr. Watson, but Eve's—

Eve the adventurous soul within his soul!
The sleepless, the unslaked!

If Madame Darmesteter had written her "Marguerites des Temps Passés" in English, it could hardly have been in better or more charming English than Miss Tomlinson uses in "A Mediæval Garland," under which title the book is offered to us. That it is a translation we are reading never occurs to us, save when we turn back to the title-page, and this is rare enough to be astonishing; for our translators generally discount the credit due to them for knowledge of a foreign tongue by dense ignorance of their own. As the book, then, can be read with equal pleasure in English, it is to be hoped the pretty version sent out by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen will meet with a welcome. "The Garland" is only for lovers of delicate flavour and workmanship. There is no very robust interest about it. Some of the flowers are even a little too faded. But in all a subtle fragrance lingers, suggestive and reminiscent of romance that had once its living, burning day.

In these old tales Madame Darmesteter hardly seems to try to reconstitute the past. There is little attempt at vividness, little striving after dramatic qualities. You feel that the poor rhyming Dauphine is dead; that the harper Philippon is dead; that Madame de la Roche and the Architect of Frou were dust and ashes long ago—only that faint memories of them linger, faded pictures of them look from the walls; and it is such memories and suggested images, and not the men and women themselves, that the poetic writer makes alive. She is often perfect in this art of suggestion, and even when her imaginations are weak they are, at least, always pleasant. At her best she has a restrained power and a style so chastened and refined that readers with sensitive palates will enjoy a rare delight in poring over these tales out of old France and Italy.

Mrs. Phipps Train's theatrical story, "A Deserter from Philistia" (Bowden), lies before me. The scene is not only laid in America, but the novel is American, a different matter. We don't make much of this fervent, transcendental kind of thing in England, and there is not much reason to regret our inability. But, if you dig through the layers of sentimentality, you come to a powerful motive, worthy of a great novel. A mother toils unceasingly to give her daughter such an upbringing as shall make life less full of temptation than it has been to herself, with the result that the daughter grows up to disapprove of her career. o. o.



MADAME EDITH GREY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL AND CO., LTD., PICCADILLY.

WHAT THE FRENCH READ.

BY EMILY CRAWFORD.

Irreligiously religious literature remains in great favour. Huysmans' next book is impatiently awaited. So are Lammenais' unpublished letters. They will form a thick volume, and show under what outer and inner conditions he wrote his apocalyptic "Paroles d'un Croyant." The

new work of Pobedonostseff, head of the Holy Synod, is, in its French translation, a book of the season. Its outspoken, uncompromising absolutism reminds us of Joseph de Maistre. But it is less picturesque and powerful, though written by a strong man. But Joseph de Maistre was a seer, and the head of the Holy Synod has a secular mind. He would have been the man for Henry VIII. when that king wanted to make himself the Pope of England.

A singularly taking book is "L'Abbé Paul Alain," by M. Guineadeau. One may call it an autobiography. Its author, a Vendean priest, left the Church five years ago. He is now a distinguished Parliamentary reporter.



M. CLÉMENCEAU.
Photo by Eugène Piron, Paris.

whose pictures in the Chamber are so well known to Boulevard readers. He quitted ecclesiastical life after an acutemental and moral crisis, but without noise or any sort of quarrel. No breach of discipline or episcopal censure preceded his exit from the Church. When he left, his only fortune were the clothes on his back, a few books, and his pen. M. Guineadeau was a double orphan at the age of six; was brought up by the Church for the Church, and had charge of souls in the fens of La Vendée. Delightful are his pictures of scenery there, of the priests he knew, the château of a pious family that gave him hospitality. They have the fresh brightness of water-colour sketches, and are of transparent sincerity. Still more remarkable are his psychological impressions, his struggles against himself, when he finds doubt taking hold on him. He is frank, and, in a few passages, to a fault, but is no scoffer. Nor is any gall mingled in his ink. For five years he was in a village manse with no company but his breviary, his conscience, and his thoughts. "L'Abbé Paul Alain" has a feminine interest.

The spiritual joys and triumphs, sorrows, and other states of the young Abbé were experienced by the author. The chapter describing an ordination service in the Cathedral of Luchon is too closely knit to be given in scraps. One has in it the impressive ceremony, the provincial congregation with its unconscious humour, the souls unveiled of postulants for ordination. The ex-Abbé Guineadeau outstrips M. Ferdinand Fabre. His analysis of soul-emotion is rapid and searching; he divines and perceives; he touches and goes, and never tempts his reader to skip.

M. Félix Faure accepted from M. Mame, of Tours, an impression of Tissot's pictorial "Vie de Jesus." But he sent the value of it, forty pounds, to the artisans engaged in producing the wondrous chromo-pictures. That work is much talked of in the religious world, and in homes where religion and religions are deemed interesting subjects. The Jesuits support Tissot. I have been to the Holy Land, and disagree with him. There is nothing, looked at from an æsthetic, philosophical, or religious standpoint, falsier than the kind of realism he goes in for. One has it at all the holy places in Palestine. There the idea came home to me that Wickliffe and John Huss were the direct offspring of the Crusades. One only gets at the Semitic side of the Christian religion in the Holy Land. The Hellenist side, which is so strong in Roman Catholicism, is excluded. It is on that side that Christ's transfigured manhood rests. Tissot gives it a place in his coloured designs. But it is not the true place. Everything else jars with it. Realism, it cannot be too often repeated, is puerile in high art, whether sculptural, pictorial, musical, or other. It should be like the foundations of the church—a basis for all the glorious arches and an unseen necessity. Realism is for study; idealism for the crowning of the edifice.

Zola, having finished "Paris," intends for some time to rest from his labours. It is a strangely powerful book, and truthful through and through. He is supposed to see the City of the Revolutions through the eyes of the Abbé Froment, who, freshly come back from Rome, goes to celebrate mass at the Sacre Cœur of Montmartre. The Abbé is dejected and cast down after his experience of the Holy City. He gains insight into the City of the Revolutions through his ministries in the dens of poverty and homes of the wealthy. Light and shade, happiness (or what

is called by that name) and misery, are in frequent contrast. There are all the circles of a hell upon earth. The end of the orgie is a tramp lying dead against the wall of a house, with a big bottle still held in his right hand. The bottle is the key to the lowest circle of the Inferno. Legislators, please make a note!

"Les Plus Forts" is the name of M. Clémenceau's serial novel, that comes out in a few days in a volume. It has run its first course in *L'Illustration*. The author seeks to give a living and concrete form to some of his favourite ideas. There is something of Dumas *fil*s in the quick, brilliant, detonating manner and the matter. Two characters represent two social trends and classes. The Marquis de Puymafray has a noble enthusiasm for justice, altruism, and human solidarity. He might be Condorcet's great-grandson. Harlé is the prosperous and selfish manufacturer, with all the qualities that command success in business, but no other. He never sins, but is steeped in sin. Mlle. Claude Harlé is supposed to be this bourgeois' daughter. Here again we find the influence of the theatre. Her mother, a refined, delicate being, was thrust aside by Harlé, who married her for her dot. She is a French lady, and forms another attachment. Claude is really a Puymafray. But *glissez mortel, n'appuyez pas*. The Marquis and the manufacturer has each a match in view for Claude. Their conflicting plans animate the novel and give rise to telling dialogues. The characters of the personages are revealed in what they say. This is better than dissertation. But this world is a Vale of Tears. Harlé has, in the end, his own way: Claude has to marry a dandy Deputy whose mind is bent on small Parliamentary intrigues as a means to selfish ends. He sees in the dowry Harlé gives the golden key to office. There is also a good deal of autobiography in "Les Plus Forts." The author must have known this typical Deputy. Puymafray retires to die in his ancestral château, but, though conquered, hopeful. Men fall, but the truth remains.

Pierre Loti has sent from St. Jean de Luz "Figures et Choses qui Passent." He found materials for his book in the Basque country and the Far East. What he writes of he has seen. The opening chapter is the monograph of the deceased Roger, Sylvestre's child. Sylvestre is the author's servant, and Loti confesses himself, in words, in dress, in all his household arrangements, a sybarite. Nobody could, when he is not in uniform, divine in him a naval officer. He passionately loves life. The idea of death pursues him, filling him with horror. And yet he is fascinated by the tomb, and often visits cemeteries to see the graves of little children.

M. Ernest Daudet's serial biography, "Le Duc d'Aumale," has been the interesting feature of *Le Correspondant*. It is anecdotic and well-informed. The limner loves his subject, and has a sly perception of his foibles, which are always gentlemanly. But his brother Alphonse would have better brought out the picturesque inconsistencies and the military pose of this Prince. M. Daudet fixes a disputed historical point—the engagement of the Duc d'Orléans to the Princesse Marguerite de Chartres, now Duchesse de Magenta. Their betrothal has been denied by really "well-informed" Royalists. When the young Pretender was imprisoned at Clairvaux he wrote to his uncle Aumale to inform him of his engagement and ask leave to reside, after his marriage, at Moncorvo House.

A book neither a masterpiece nor remarkable for literary charm is "M. Goron's Mémoires." It is full of unheard-of things. Hence its

success. M. Goron is a Breton. He filled a high post in the secret police. As an author he shows what knavish tricks statesmen who govern France sometimes resort to. French public and private life is greatly influenced by the theatre. The tricks for political ends in which M. Goron was engaged are worthy of an extravaganza. No less a personage than M. Jules Ferry was sometimes his accomplice. After reading his book, one scarcely wonders at people fancying the Opéra-Comique was set fire to by the political police to turn attention from the unpopular Rouvier Cabinet. What is true is that a cabal was got up there against Mlle. Van Zandt. She was

charged with drunkenness, and the students were egged on to go in bodies to hiss her. In making a row, they drew from the road to the Foreign Office a crowd hostile to M. Jules Ferry. The manifestants could not simultaneously besiege the Prime Minister and see what might befall the diva. As she was the more interesting person, they did not go farther than the Place de L'Opéra-Comique.



PIERRE LOTI.
Photo by Delphis, Rochefort.

THE MASQUERADERS.

Mr. Clarkson's Creations for a Fancy-Dress Ball.



THE TRANSFORMATION OF GIBRALTAR.

Photographs by Lieutenant Simms, R.N.

By the provisions of the Naval Works Bill of 1895, Gibraltar is being transformed. Out of the sum of no less than fourteen millions odd for the improvement of Naval ports and enclosure of harbours, nearly four millions were allotted to Gibraltar, the existence of which as a fortified

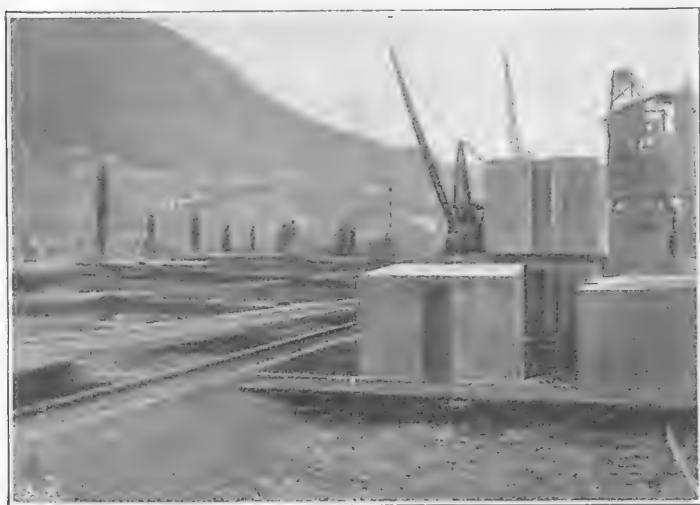


THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS UNDER THE NEW MOLE PARADE.

naval base is of the first importance to the British Empire. The intended works include the construction of three large docks, measuring 850, 550, and 450 feet respectively, also the enclosure of the harbour by new breakwaters, with an extension of one known as the Admiralty, or New Mole, which shelters the present Naval Dockyard. The Admiralty Mole has now reached a length of 980 feet beyond the original terminus, and is all above water.

In one of the photographs can be seen the large concrete blocks, ready to be lowered into their intended positions by cranes, and then to be placed by divers in a considerable depth of water under the staging, to form when complete a quay at which our largest ships can lie alongside. This work is being rapidly carried out by contract, the contractors being Messrs. Popham, Jones, and Railton, of London. Another of the photographs represents the excavations in progress under what was once the New Mole Parade, at the head of the dockyard, and the site of the proposed docks. The excavation of the old parade-ground is now practically completed, and a depth of four feet below the sea-level attained. But, unfortunately, water has been met with, which considerably hampers the work, especially at spring-tides, and this difficulty, in all probability, will increase as the excavators go farther down.

It is expected that in three years' time the largest of the docks will be completed, for on April 1 next this work goes out to contract, as the



THE EXTENSION WORKS.

greatest rapidity of construction is desired. As the population is chiefly garrison, the near Spanish towns of Linea and Algeciras furnish the necessary labourers. Most of the stone portions of the excavated material are removed by trains, to be broken up to form the large concrete blocks which will be, at a later period of construction, required for the docks and for use in the deep water when the new breakwaters are started—an important part of the great undertaking.

In the foreground of one picture is seen a line of rail, which enters a tunnel that has been cut through the solid rock to a quarry situated a few hundred feet above, near Europa Point, the south extreme of the

great Rock. It exists for the purpose of conveying the stone to the beach below, where it is shipped into lighters, and then dropped over marked positions in the harbour to lessen the depth and help to form the intended breakwaters. Two of these tunnels now exist, their sole purpose being the quick transport of the quarried stone. The other is being cut from west to east, or from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean side of the great Rock, through the middle of it, in order to reach on the eastern side the quarries of Catalan Bay. The tunnel is now open



THE TUNNEL CUT FOR CONVEYING THE QUARRIED STONE TO THE BEACH.

for one-third of its length, and will be completed in seven months; but the solid rock met with has necessitated the use of rock-drills, at all times a slow and laborious method of tunnelling. It is claimed that this method will be a saving of expense due to the rapid transport, instead of the present though more circuitous routes available by rail or water, and it must be remembered the latter is always dependent on the state of the sea. Until the tunnel to Catalan Bay is completed the further extension of the Admiralty Mole will not be proceeded with, as in the deep water now to be met with the largest concrete blocks will be required, for which the Catalan quarries will have to furnish most of the material.

It is hoped that the tunnelling may lead to the discovery of a water-supply, for Gibraltar possesses no springs, and its only method of supply lies in sea-distillation, assisted by the storage of rain-water in tanks. This is a very precarious source in a dry season such as that of the past year, and this want of water might become a source of danger in a protracted siege. Thus the dock work may prove of greater use than mere militarism.

One of the photographs is of a little glen near Europa Point, in which are seen the bungalows where many of the garrison and residents live. Gibraltar is, indeed, quite tropical in the summer, for when the east wind, or Levanter, blows there is no air on the west side of the Rock. Very stifling it is then, and at times as hot as Aden. Then one longs



GLEN WITH RESIDENCES NEAR EUROPA POINT.

for the Ponente, or cool west wind from the Atlantic, and the lowering of the temperature which follows.

The peak seen on the left is nearly the highest point of the Rock, being 1396 feet above the sea-level, and crowned by a signal-station. The highest point reaches 1439 feet, and is near its north point, overlooking the South of Spain. In clear weather passing ships are able to signal their names to this station from a long distance. The names are then quickly transmitted by telegraph to their next port of call, and as you read your morning paper you know precisely what those who go down to the sea in ships are doing.

"THE NEW VASARI."*

Mrs. Foster's translation of Vasari's *Lives* served the modest requirements of the last generation of picture-amateurs, and it was well suited to their taste. Vasari has a rambling style, a ready ear for current gossip or doubtful traditions, and a pleasant way of suggesting personal acquaintanceship with men he could never have seen. On the other hand, he was honestly devoted to his art, and if his enthusiasm occasionally runs away with his judgment, he is seldom captious or malevolent in his criticism. His book, moreover, stands out in prominence as the best biographical production of the sixteenth century, and it has preserved, even for those who only know it by translation, a freshness and vitality which works of that period did not always display.

Since Mrs. Foster's translation first appeared, a complete change has come over the attitude of both the ignorant and the instructed in matters of art. The former have wished to conceal their shortcomings; the latter have insisted upon more accurate knowledge. No country can claim exclusive precedence in this awakening, for Italy, France, and Germany, equally with Great Britain and the United States, have contributed towards this result. In all cases, however, Vasari's biographies have been the starting-point of the new learning, and in English-speaking countries Mrs. Foster's translation has been the handbook. The work, however, of these new critics and searchers after truth has been so far-reaching that only a few out of the many lovers of art have been able to follow them in their labours. Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins, therefore, come forward most opportunely, and, while offering an *édition de luxe* of Mrs. Foster's translation, have not only revised its text, but, by the help of the modern critics of all nationalities, have brought Vasari up to date, and they thus offer a work which is at once not only attractive in form, but correct in

* "The New Vasari." Selected and Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins. London: George Bell and Sons.

fact. Many pretty—and some ugly—stories which Vasari related about celebrated pictures and their painters are shown to be without foundation, although they are still preserved in the text, in order to show the influences under which the original author composed his work.

Some persons may object that, in editing a classic of this kind, its value as a text-book is impaired by omitting any of the biographies; but the seventy selected lives give a sufficiently complete survey of the various schools of Italian painting which flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and it is on these leaders that the light of modern criticism has been brought to bear. At any rate, the American editors to whom we owe the new Vasari have done their work thoroughly and sympathetically, the result being four attractive volumes in which reproductions of well-known masterpieces form a pleasing feature.

RICHARD III.

The Art Union of London has issued a very beautiful presentation plate for the members of 1898. The original painting, entitled "Richard Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne," by Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, A.R.A., excited much interest when it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1896. It is the episode in Shakspeare's play where the Lady Anne, following the coffin of her husband's murdered father to the grave, is stopped by the murderer, and, yielding to an insidious courtship, allows hatred to change to an interest that ends in love. The procession moves across the whole length of the picture, the red poles of the reversed halberds relieving the blackness of the mourning-robcs and emphasising the dignity of the figures of the men-at-arms. Beautiful and sorrowful, the central character moves along vaguely, unconsciously, and limping beside her is Richard, in one hand holding a sword which was to have ended his life had she wished it, in the other a ring. The etching of this important plate was entrusted to Mr. Léopold Flameng, a French etcher of distinguished ability.



VIRGIN AND CHILD.—ANDREA DELLA ROBBIÀ.



THE DELPHIC SIBYL.—MICHAEL ANGELO.



MADONNA AND CHILD.—BOTTICELLI.



MISS VIOLET ROBINSON, THE PRINCIPAL GIRL IN THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

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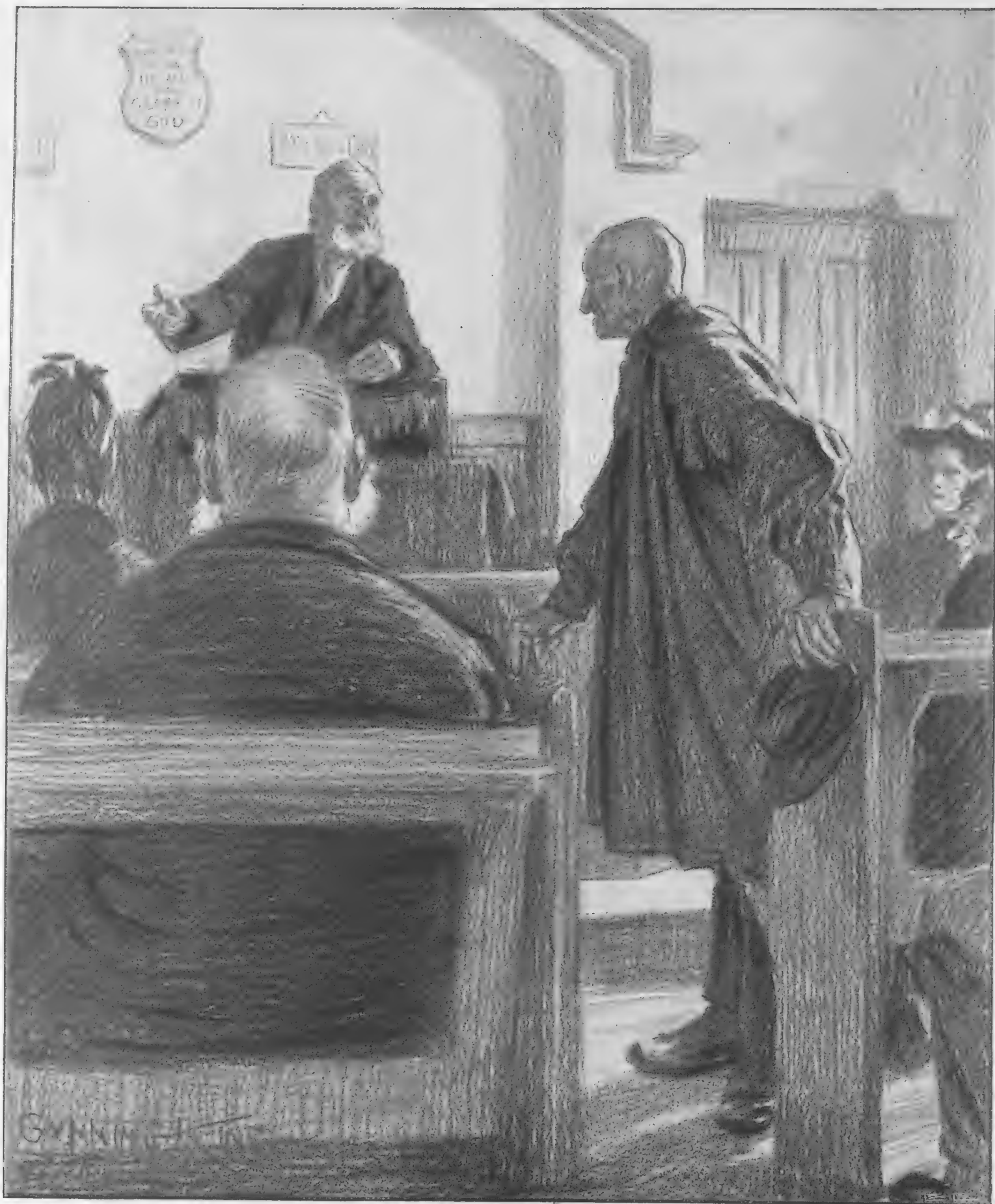
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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A BURGLAR ALARM.

"John, John, whatever you do, don't wake baby!"



DISCURSIVE PREACHER : And now, brethren, having ended with the Prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, where shall Hosea come in ?

OLD PARISHIONER (*rising*) : 'E can 'ave my place, Parson ; I 'm goin' out.



THE RUSH FOR WEALTH: KLONDYKE.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Writing in Christmas week, I am naturally anxious to light upon a seasonable topic. Ha! here is the "Pinero Birthday Book," compiled by Miss Myra Hamilton with a cultivated eye for the brilliant dramatist's best things. I turn to Dec. 24: "If I had a few pounds to spare—I couldn't spare 'em." No, that is too painful. Talk of Ibsen! His philosophy is cheery optimism compared to this fiery thrust into the heart of reality! It escapes the millionaire, no doubt; but to all of us whose eternal dream is of the Land Where Both Ends Meet, it is a hard and bitter truth. Well, let us try Dec. 25: "For goodness' sake, don't taste the pudding!" How that line sets the memory sparkling with a vision of red-haired Peggy in "The Schoolmistress," when she warns the other girls at the supper-party that there isn't enough pudding to go round, and when the Admiral, in the course of a graceful and appropriate speech, inadvertently returns thanks for the Navy! Dec. 27: "I'm totally unfit for business! totally unfit for business!" It is the ghost of Arthur Cecil in "The Magistrate," recounting the awful adventure which lands a blameless beak in his own court at ten in the morning, still in evening-dress! If the ghosts of bygone comedians could only revisit the glimpses of the footlights! They would be much more welcome than the tiresome idiots who play tricks in haunted houses for the benefit of earnest investigators.

That reminds me that I reserved for special enjoyment the volume of Mr. Stead's "Real Ghost Stories," which Mr. Grant Richards has published. It begins with Mr. Stead's assurance that only the "vulgar superstition" of the half-educated discredits ghosts. Then you have the awful warning that the "narratives printed in these pages" had better be avoided by the very young, the nervous, and the morbidly excitable. You are warned also not to experiment with ghosts unless you are of a "reverent spirit" and "a level-headed person." The combination of the level head with this sort of reverence is evidently unusual. Even when you possess it, you may be doomed to disappointment. There is nothing in this book so moving as the story of Mr. Stead wandering round the Devil's Punch Bowl at Hindhead, looking vainly for a ghost. He had retired to that spot in order to write tranquilly on the whole subject. He remembered that the Devil's Punch Bowl was the scene of a murder. What more reverent and level-headed a thing could he do than to hover near the "murder stone" on a very dark night with the hope that some spectral visitant would have the goodness to be interviewed? Nothing happened. Perhaps the ghost mistook Mr. Stead for Mr. Grant Allen, who lives hard by, and is a level-headed man of science, unblest, I fear, with that reverence which is indispensable to the ghost-seer! So Mr. Stead plodded forlornly around, and the ghost lay low, muttering, "I know you! Sceptical beast!"

I regret that such a promising situation was spoilt by a misunderstanding. Mr. Stead was obliged to console himself with a tale told by a lady of Hindhead who claims to possess a "thought body." This roams afar when she is asleep, and appears to divers persons. Another disappointment; it has not appeared to Mr. Stead! He asked whether the "thought body" would visit him if he lay sick and in want of comfort, and the lady said this was "possible." She needed time and "concentration," however—so much, indeed, that six years have elapsed and Mr. Stead has not yet been favoured with the apparition. He does not appear to have noticed that, although the "thought body" could be visible to a girl reading Edna Lyall in the kitchen, it has avoided the editor of *Borderland* all this while. Why this coyness? Mrs. Besant, whose level head is so well known, explained to Mr. Stead that the "thought bodies" of ladies have to be very particular. Possibly this one is waiting till she can call at Mowbray House with a chaperon! It is a perfectly needless caution; but a severe etiquette, I presume, is part of the "concentration." Mr. Stead's readers have to suffer, for I cannot find in this volume any personal experience of his own that comes to the point, except a dream. He dreamt that he was to take charge of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in succession to Mr. Morley. Sure enough, Mr. Morley went into Parliament, and Mr. Stead, to the great advantage of mankind, became editor. Well, this does not prove much. Imaginative men, who are born to rise in the world, will dream anything, and I daresay Mr. Stead, in dreams, has sat in the chair of St. Peter!

Whose birthday is October 7? The sentiment for that date in the "Pinero Book" runs thus: "And how much is there belonging to humanity that survives being laughed at?" If nothing survived this process, the whole earth would be tenanted by serious ghosts, sworn to suppress the faintest symptom of humour. I have no doubt that the author of "England Seen through Chinese Spectacles," who professes

to be a Chinese gentleman named Wo Chang, long resident in this country, will survive the mirth which is the fitting reward of many of his observations. He is pained by the liberty which prevails in Britain. Liberty is the parent of snobbery, and Wo Chang wonders why snobs are not shut up in asylums. Apparently they are unknown in China, where most people repeat the maxims of Confucius in the morning, and practise them unto the going down of the sun. The great secret of moral beauty amongst the Chinese is filial piety. If a son offend the laws, it is not he who is punished, but his parents, who ought to have brought him up better. A Chinaman may divorce his wife for loquacity; so she is a woman of few words and surpassing delicacy. What do we see here? Such is the demoralising effect of liberty upon Englishwomen, especially the liberty to appear in public places, that "large numbers of light spring carts" are driven about London, delivering decanters of spirits to wives in the absence of their husbands! An English wife goes to the play or the Park, and receives her guests at dinner-parties, and the consequence is that, as soon as her husband is out of the house, she is on the watch for the light spring cart! It was this vice that Shakspeare must have had "laterally" in his mind when he said, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" "Frailty" seems to have been a synonym for decanter in Shakspeare's time.

There is a good deal of "lateral" suggestion in Wo Chang. He remarks with just indignation that, although Englishmen are much indebted to tailors, they persist in describing a tailor as only the "ninth part of a man." In China, I hope, the tailor enjoys a consideration commensurate with his bill, for the average cost of a Chinese gentleman's clothes varies between £224 and £630 a-year. Mandarins have wardrobes worth anything between £20,000 and £100,000. The Chinese buck often wears in his hat "a blazing ruby as big as a pigeon's egg." Such a display is befitting to masculine dignity; but Wo Chang is filled with wonder and contempt by the jewellery and dresses of English ladies at a Drawing-Room. We have no respect for age and virtue. Somebody had the audacity to address him on one occasion as "My dear Chang." I marvel that he is not still more offended when he hears the cabmen shouting "Wo!" Then the lies of this benighted island! What could approach the perfidy of London milk? In a distinguished company Wo Chang was once asked, "Why is the average milkman like Pharaoh's daughter?" The indecorum of a conundrum was bad enough; but the answer, "Because he draws a little *profit* out of the water," left this philosophical Oriental thunderstruck by the callous levity which treated the milkman's enormity as a jest. Nobody jests in China. Even the children in their romps are "hereditarily grave." If Tom Smith's crackers, containing mottoes from Confucius, were exported to China, I believe the little boys and girls would pick these out and leave the crackers unpulled and the sweets uneaten.

For English law Wo Chang has no respect, the administration of justice in his own country (where the beak is frequently bribed and the witnesses tortured) living always in his memory as an unapproachable pattern. Then look at our doctors. In China the rule is "no cure, no pay." When the Emperor falls ill the salaries of the Court physicians are suspended till he recovers. Instead of this admirable plan, what have we here? Two English doctors treated Wo Chang for typhoid when he was suffering from brain fever (brought on by the study of our deplorable customs), and yet they had the assurance to present their little bills! Why not extend the principle of "no cure, no pay" to lawyers, and refuse to meet the solicitor's costs unless you win the case? I imagine that candidates for the medical profession in China are not numerous. The ambitious man goes into the public service, which, according to Wo Chang, is somewhat lacking in "integrity." In spite of Confucius and filial piety, Chinese government is notoriously corrupt and incapable, and there is no public opinion to improve it. Wo Chang might employ himself usefully by preaching at Pekin from the text, "No justice, no taxes"; but he finds it more amusing and decidedly safer to denounce our doctors and hold the London milkman up to odium.

Well, as the "Pinero Birthday Book" has it (Jan. 23), "It's all a question of environment. The poor African in her solitary row of beads is as discreet as the best-dressed woman in town." The rich Chinaman, with his ruby as big as a pigeon's egg, is as censorious of luxury as John Knox. If Wo Chang first saw the light on Jan. 30, he will recognise the truth of this tribute to all reformers: "The grand motive of my life is a firm, undeviating, persistent policy of practical interference." To a disciple of Confucius the wisdom of Pinero on Jan. 10 can have no application, "You always seem to be masticating some commonplace or another." But all philosophers, Oriental and Occidental, ought to agree in this (Feb. 12): "The devil's always in a woman's heart because it's the warmest place to get to."

JOHN BRIGHT AND A WELSH FARMHOUSE.

Photographs by the Rev. F. A. Bartlett.

The village of which I speak has but one connection, the railway, with the outer world, and this so far has brought it all of good,

Hemmed in by the mountains behind, and open to the sea in front, the grey stone houses of the village cluster around the borders of a leaping stream, which chooses this spot to flow down into the sea. From the ancient ivy-covered bridge its rocky path is visible. Not half a mile below, it pours its gurgling waters over the blue-grey stony beach into the bay. Often for weeks together the stepping-stones below the bridge are quite impassable. Farther up the glen there is more than one picturesque waterfall. The village post-office is almost buried in great bushes of scarlet fuchsia and hydrangeas of every shade, from pale pink to deepest blue and purple. Over the gables of the school-house hung, when I left it, trailing crimson festoons of Virginian Creeper. No less than four chapels are to be found in the tiny place, yet all the inhabitants seem to come back to the Established Church when they die, for the green, hilly churchyard is thick with graves, while the rigidly plain buildings of the Wesleyans, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and Calvinistic Baptists offer no hospitable acres to the dead. The congregation inside the church is of the smallest. Fifteen or twenty is the average number at the Welsh service, which is reduced to about half at the English service immediately following it. The scholarly habits and the fine library (said to be the best in the diocese) of the courtly old rector seem ill-assorted among these simple Welshmen.

The principal farmhouse of the village, Hendre Hall by name, has a special and unique charm. As you stand between the pointed stone pillars of its outer gateway, and look up the broad, straight avenue of lofty trees to its gabled front, the restfulness that dwells in all old buildings steals over you. The tall sycamores and walnut-trees rustle overhead, the mountain spring gushes from its artificial conduit into



HENDRE HALL.

without the attendant evils that might spoil its rural simplicity. The sturdy Welshwomen come tramping down the hillsides with their live fowls, their eggs, butter, blackberries, and mushrooms, which they carry away to market in Barmouth and Dolgelly, but the dilatory trains bring no visitors to the little village, or only those few to whom accident has revealed the undeniable charm of which it boasts. Perhaps the reason may be sought in its utterly unpronounceable name, where one solitary *bond-fide* vowel (*i*) disports itself bravely among consonants nine. Although it is on the main route to Barmouth, to Harlech, and many well-known places, I found my destination the despair of the porters at Euston. Labels for it there were none, and, in spite of having it legibly written on a portmanteau, my man pathetically begged me to write it upon the company's label. About a ticket there was no pretence whatever. I was boldly supplied with one to Barmouth, the next station, and where I had no intention of going. A friend who arrived a few days later from a large Midland town had a different experience. His porter, after seeing him write his labels, hurriedly disappeared. As the train was leaving the platform the porter rushed alongside, anxiously shouting, "I hope you know where you are going to. I can't find it on the map!"



THE BACK OF HENDRE HALL.



THE IVY-COVERED BRIDGE.

a broad stone basin at your side, but the grey stone walls stand peaceful in the sunlight as they stood two hundred years ago. Here for many generations lived a family of sturdy yeomen, Morgan by name. Across the road, and sheltered by the beech-wood on the slopes of the hill, stands another farmhouse, called Llwyn-dŷ. Here dwelt the Owens, and in the early days of George Fox's preaching both families became converts to Quakerism. Sunday after Sunday they worshipped together in the wainscoted parlour of one farmhouse or the other, while others came down from the hills to meet with them. They celebrated marriages in the same rooms, and in a little three-cornered plot below they buried their dead. It was with one of the graves in that wind-swept plot upon the shore that the old man's gossip was concerned.

The Morgan of Hendre at the beginning of this century was a prosperous man. His pastures and his fatlings brought him in good return, and he sent his son to England to school. A firm friendship sprang up between young Morgan and a schoolfellow hailing from a Lancashire town. The young Englishman paid a visit to the Welsh farmhouse, and there, as he climbed the hillside beside her, or perhaps watched young Morgan's sister Gwen deftly patting the butter which the Hendre spring was trained to churn, he lost his boyish heart. She was beautiful, of course.

Is not all youth beautiful? Her father's pride and joy as well. He was ambitious, and would fain marry his daughter nearer home. Who was this young, unknown cotton-spinner? A cold, distant Englishman moreover. No one had then foreseen that the unknown young Lancashire lad would one day make his simple name, John Bright, known and respected throughout the land. No one foresaw in him a future orator whose speeches, in their clear, polished diction and rare humour, would be breathlessly listened to by one of the best-educated assemblies in the world. Still less could he be supposed the honest, unswerving "People's Tribune," who would demolish shams, would uphold freedom of individual rights, be the friend of peace, plenty, and progress. So the young people parted. Gwen Morgan gave her hand to a neighbouring Welsh yeoman (who was indeed unknown), and within a year or two she died. She lies buried here in the Quakers' little three-cornered plot, under the stunted pine-trees, in which the west wind from the sea sighs softly on even the stillest afternoon. Not long before he died, said my old informant, the retired Cabinet Minister came through the little station in one of the Cambrian trains. "I saw him looking out of the winder," he added, "and I knew his face well. He looked across at the old farm gables—for 'tis but a stone's-throw from the station, as you know—and 'Who lives at Hendre now, my man?' says he, for I was standing near by, and I knew him. So I told him. He knew well enough the Morgans has been all gone from here this long time, but I suppose he still felt an interest in the place. And then the train went on, and I see

HUNTING IN CANADA.

The Englishman is essentially a sportsman. Even in Canada, where there are no regular fox covers which can be preserved, stopped, and drawn at will, a hunt is a regular institution. There are lots of foxes, but they are fair prey to the trap and gun. A drag for the main part of the run is, therefore, used, after which a good bag fox is given his liberty, which generally, together with his brush and mask, he loses sooner or later, generally sooner. The hunting season is in full swing in Toronto, and at the gala meet of the Country and Hunt Club in the last week of November about sixty riders were present. The picture of the meet shows the Master, Mr. G. W. Beardmore, in the centre, and on his right are the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen, who with Lady Marjorie Gordon drove out after lunch. On this occasion the hounds when cast off took up the scent, which ran across the artificial jumps used for training the young hunters, giving those present in carriages and on foot a chance of seeing some of the fun. The hounds then bore northwards through some heavy country, finishing at the Newmarket racecourse, a run of about ten miles. Four or five ladies were in at the death, including Lady Marjorie Gordon, and that meant in the present state of the ground, and especially the plough, good going. An informal five o'clock tea prevailed at the Club-house after the run.

As its title implies, hunting is not the only *raison d'être* of the Club. It embraces all outdoor sports. Thus the golfing members possess



MEET OF THE COUNTRY AND HUNT CLUB, TORONTO.

his old white head looking out of the winder as far as I could see. He looked at Hendre, at the back of the old house, and at the burying-ground, where Gwen Morgan, that was, lies buried."

So the worn-out statesman, in the end of his life, in spite of his two happy marriages, and his many promising sons and daughters, had still a thought to spare for the old scene of his boyish love.

CHARLOTTE FELL SMITH.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Gas low,
 Brave—fair—
 You know,
 Been there.
 Soft eyes,
 Old theme—
 Long sighs—
 Sweet dream.
 Years pass,
 Dream's o'er;
 Low gas
 Once more.
 A yawn,
 Some sighs—
 E con
 O mise.—*Cleveland Leader.*

a capital nine-hole round, which was laid out a couple of years ago, and which needed no artificial bunkers or hazards, there being sufficient natural ones to please the most fastidious and to puzzle not a few. A cycle club, composed of both sexes, called the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club, is affiliated with the Hunt Club, and, as the ride is a nice distance and the going generally good, the run from town is a favourite one, more especially on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when many a little party may be seen bowling along the level Kingston road and down the long avenue, even until the time when the snow begins to fly, although that even does not always stop the most ardent. Then with the frost comes the Riding and Driving Club, also affiliated with the Hunt Club, with its jolly meets of four-in-hands, tandems, unicorns, pairs, and singles, finishing, after a brisk afternoon's drive, at the Club-house for dinner and dance, and early home over the white, crisp roads, moonlight preferred.

But, whether by driving, riding, or cycling, in summer or winter, arrived within the Club's walls genial goodwill and hospitality prevail. The distance from Toronto, about eight miles, is a good one, and to those who have not horses and do not cycle the way is made easy by an electric line running to within three-quarters of a mile of the house, and then a pretty walk through woods carpeted by wild flowers for six months in the year; and, arrived, the situation is worth the walk to see. The buildings stand on the edge of the highest banks, as they are called, but really cliffs, of the lake, Ontario, here about two hundred feet above the water, and, looking eastward, one is reminded of the white cliffs of Dover, though the banks are not chalk, but seem mostly to be composed of white, glistening sand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Americans all tell the incoming European that he must not judge their country by its gate—New York. And, in fact, New York is not, and cannot be, a representative American city. It is the gateway of a continent, and half the world passes through or lingers in the corners of the entrance. The Goddess of Liberty at the entrance to the harbour is French, the policemen on duty are Irish, the hotel-waiters are men of colour or Germans. The whole impression is of a city more cosmopolitan than St. Petersburg, but resembling that capital more, perhaps, than it does any other great European city. Paris and Vienna are cosmopolitan enough, and, indeed, the latter city must be a mixture to represent the strange conglomeration of races that makes up Kaiser Franz Josef's domestic menagerie. But Paris and Vienna have a corporate existence and a history; New York is like London, a tract of country covered with houses, but without even the traditions of the City; it is, like St. Petersburg, an excrescence rather than an embodiment of a nation—a half-foreign, trading, frontier city. Now, as you pass along the streets, you are in London, now in Paris, now in Vienna, now in Berlin. The variety of some parts is more individualistic than in England; the monotony of others, as striking as in Berlin.

What is there, then, special and characteristic about New York? An outsider hesitates to pass judgment on a great city, after a hasty glance at a few parts of it. But certain points force themselves on his attention very clearly at first, though the impression is dulled by use. The first sensation is that of noise. An American in London has spoken of the vast silence of that city. The phrase, to a Londoner, sounded ridiculous. But when one has heard New York noises the remark is explicable. The roar of London is a vast dull murmur, and at night it ceases. The noise of New York is a rattle rather than a roar, and it goes on in the main streets. The cables rush incessantly along their grooves, sounding like the mountain torrent behind a Swiss village. Cars come shooting along, in endless rapid succession, with clanging of bells; carts and carriages crash viciously over the paving-stones of Broadway; newsboys yell the papers with a raucous shrillness surpassing even that of their brother imps of London. Above all comes the rush and puffing of the elevated railroad tram, swinging round the curves on a row of lamp-posts. There is not more noise than in London, but it is sharp noise. Till the visitor is used to it—which soon happens, however—one cable-car bearing down viciously on him will terrify him more than the locked traffic of the Mansion House or Piccadilly Circus, and one elevated tram jar his nerves worse than the roll of a hundred omnibuses over the wood blocks of a London thoroughfare.

Another point borne in upon the visitor is the hurry and rush and strain of life. The Englishman has excited a wondering awe in Europe by his reckless readiness to undertake any journey at short notice, but the American seems to live in the cars. His cars, too, can be lived in. We should have palace cars also if it were possible to go a twenty-four hours' journey by rail in Great Britain. As it is not, we shall probably stick to our corridors. The American traveller in Europe, if a man above a certain age, is usually noticeable for a certain deliberate and weary slowness of manner—a half-sad resignation to indolence. This is the other side of the nervous activity that makes New York life a rush.

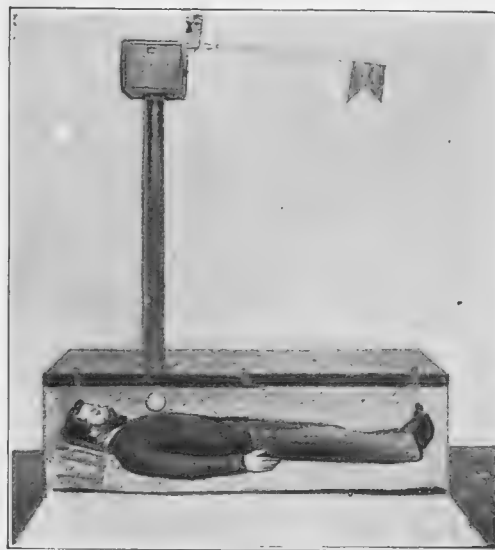
It is not only a hurried life, it is an artificial and mechanical life. Americans seem to be approaching the state of Mr. Wells's Martians. They are doing everything more and more by machinery. Labour is replaced by machines, and a second machine is invented to replace the man who ought to look after the first. On one's bedroom wall in the hotel is a dial indicator, on which are inscribed almost all possible wants of civilised man. Turn the pointer of the dial to the required article or service, press a button, and in a few minutes a "coloured gentleman" appears and, with haughty condescension, asks you if you rang for anything. You reply, stating your want, and the descendant of African kings goes down and sends someone else with it. The whole is infinitely more scientific and ingenious than the crude British plan of ringing for a waiter, and does not usually take much longer.

In another respect, too, the American business-man seems—in New York, at least—to be emulating the Martians of Mr. Wells. He is gradually, but surely, suppressing the digestive process. His office and home-life is one of steam- or furnace-heat, tempered with ice-water—an alternation, to use his own picturesque phrase, of "chills and fever." He drinks little in the alcoholic way; the "American drinks" of London and Paris bars are mostly known to him as names, or not at all. Our City clerk, too, dries his veins with the familiar gas-stove; but he goes home, and the British jerry-builder's draughts hurtle round his head and restore his desiccated lungs with damp air. But here the clerk or merchant goes from steam-heat to furnace-heat, and everywhere finds the pernicious pitcher tinkling with its delusive ice.

Milton, I think, describes a similar alternation of boiling heat and freezing cold. He places it, however, in Hell. MARMITON.

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

"Nothing is so uncertain as death," says Winslow. That he is right is obvious, for we all know that lethargy, or apparent death, often resembles death to the life, if the paradox may pass. Stillness, rigidity, and cooling of the body, total absence of breathing, glassy eyes, and



A NOVEL INVENTION.

absolute insensibility—these and other signs apparently of death by no means prove that life actually is extinct. Indeed, it is said that the feet of persons entranced have been reduced to carbon, yet animation was not restored until long afterwards; and it is further stated that the setting in of ordinary putrefaction even does not positively prove that the subject is dead. As for Dr. Haller, he goes so far as to declare that "in certain diseases a beginning of putrid decomposition appears on several parts of

the living body, and the patient actually has the nauseous effluvia of a corpse. Black spots on the flesh, together with putrid odours, are no proofs of death; they often merely result from suspended circulation of the blood." No exterior sign constitutes a proof of death, another authority adds; decomposition of the vital organs is the sole undeniable proof, and Pineau himself makes the ominous remark, "Not a day passes, even in France, but a living human being is entombed." Dr. Hartmann of Austria is yet more emphatic. In his learned work, entitled "Buried Alive," he asserts positively that, during the months of May and June of 1896, he received no less than sixty-three letters from people who had recovered consciousness while lying in their coffins.

Such being the state of things, we look about us for a means of escape from a death so hideous, and we find it in a simple apparatus lately invented and patented by a Frenchman named Karnice. In the first place, an opening several inches in length is made in the lid of the coffin, in such a way as to be immediately above the breast of the deceased, or supposed deceased, upon whose chest is then placed a sort of ball four or five inches in diameter. Next, a short tube supplied with a powerful spring-flap is attached to the coffin-lid, just over the opening referred to, in such a way as to communicate with the interior of the coffin. This tube is the only non-detachable part of the appliance. The second and chief portion consists, roughly, of a long, thin tube, which, when the coffin has been lowered into the grave, is temporarily connected with the small tube already mentioned, the spring-flap of the latter having, of course, been first forced open. Then the grave is filled with earth in the usual way, and nothing is seen above the surface but a small metallic box, which is very strong and cannot be opened or tampered with from the outside. Now, should the supposed dead person, after being buried, recover consciousness, he is bound unwittingly to move the ball; indeed, his mere act of drawing breath would stir it. This ball, if moved ever so slightly, at once sets the apparatus in motion, causing the box upon the surface of the grave to fly open and admit air, a bell to ring loudly, and a flag to be raised sufficiently high for any person passing to notice, or the grave-digger to see when going on his rounds.

It is unnecessary here to describe the actual mechanism of the apparatus, which is extremely simple, having neither complicated wheel-work, electric reel, nor battery to become deranged, and the least intelligent of workmen even understand its manipulation when once it has been explained to them. At the end of the time prescribed for the possible duration of lethargy, the box is removed from the surface of the grave, the long tube drawn up, disinfected, and also removed permanently. This tube and the metallic box containing the mechanism may then be used again and again. With regard to the coffin itself, as the extremity of the long tube becomes disconnected from it, the spring-flap closes firmly over the short permanent tube, thus automatically sealing the coffin hermetically. Truly this invention is worth more than passing notice, and persons anxious to see the apparatus at work may do so when in Paris by calling upon M. Em. Camis, at No. 5, Rue Forest, or at No. 30, Rue de Bruxelles, where experiments are made daily between ten o'clock and noon.

B. T.

NOTE.

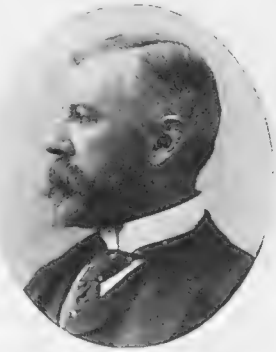
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A DISAPPEARING MUNICIPALITY.

Londoners rarely take much interest in municipal matters, and therefore it is hardly a matter for surprise that very little notice is being taken of the fact that the body which has looked after the drainage, lighting, and kindred matters in the City for the last two hundred and thirty years will after January no longer exist. In fact, most people are under the impression that all these important matters are managed by the Corporation, whereas it is to the City Commissioners of Sewers that all the credit is due for having made the "one square mile" such a model city in these respects. The Commission, which is appointed once a year by the Court of Common Council, is the real municipal authority for the City, and, apart from being so appointed, is an entirely independent body possessing rights and privileges conferred upon it by statutes dating so far back as 1667, the year after the Great Fire



MR. H. G. SMALLMAN.



MR. H. MONTAGU BATES.

Photographs by Stoneham.

laid the greater part of the City in ruins. Indeed, it was to repair the ravages of that fire that the Commission was originally constituted. The Act became law in the following year, one section providing that the number and place of every sewer, drain, and ventilator, and the order and manner of paving and pitching the streets and lanes of the City, should be designed and set out by "such and so many persons" as the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty in Court of Common Council assembled should from time to time appoint under the Common Seal of the City. Another section gave authority to such persons, "or any seven of them," to impose "any reasonable tax in proportion to the benefit" to be derived. Under successive Acts the powers of the Commissioners were extended and their sphere of usefulness became enlarged. It would, perhaps, be easier to say what the Commission does *not* do than to give, in a small compass, a satisfactory idea of the duties it carries out. It is unnecessary to say that they have ever been carried out satisfactorily; a casual glance at the streets in the morning after a rainy night will show how excellently this department is looked after, and will make the beholder wish that such duties were carried out with one-half of the perfection of thoroughness in the districts outside the charmed area. And as with the street-cleaning, so with everything else, with the result that the death-rate in the City is almost ridiculously low and the envy and despair of engineers and sanitary authorities all over the world. The Commission is, after January, to be absorbed by the Corporation, which will in future carry on the work itself.

The photographs given here are of Mr. H. George Smallman, the "Last Chairman," and of Mr. H. Montagu Bates, the Clerk, who will also be the last chief officer of the Commission. The chairmanship of the Commission is an honorary but onerous post, its only rewards being such as are to be found in the consciousness of work well and conscientiously performed. Mr. Smallman, who is only a little over forty, and therefore still a young man, has, during his year of office, striven very hard indeed to fit himself for the position. He is by profession a solicitor, and was appointed a member of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Cheap in 1888; three years later he became a member of the Commission. In 1893 he was elected Chairman of the Sanitary Committee of the Commission. Mr. Smallman married the eldest daughter of Mr. Richard Strong, J.P., L.C.C., formerly M.P. for North Camberwell, and lives at Sutton. He is a liveryman of the Fanmakers' Company, of which he is also Foreign Warden. He has accepted an invitation to be nominated for the Shrievalty, to which he will most probably be elected next year.

The Clerk, Mr. Montagu Bates, has served the Commission for close on quarter of a century. He has grown grey in the service, and naturally speaks with some melancholy of the forthcoming change. Mr. Bates was born in 1849, and was originally intended for the Royal Navy. He, however, soon took to other work, having been for four years private secretary to the Right Hon. Edward Horsman, M.P. for Liskeard, who was a member of the Privy Council, a Junior Lord of the Treasury under Lord Melbourne, and Chief Secretary for Ireland during Lord Palmerston's Administration. He entered the service of the Commissioners in 1875, there being one hundred and twenty candidates for the post. He is a Freemason and a member of the Spectacle-Makers' Company. It is hard to say what the Commission has not owed to Mr. Bates during the past few years. As Clerk, he is the representative officer of the Commission, and, in fact, its responsible working head. He is held in great personal esteem by those who have had the privilege of working with him, and his invariable courtesy and genial manners have endeared him to all his subordinates.

SOME ACTORS' METAPHORS.

Perusing some ancient volumes lately, I came across four or five quaint metaphors said to have been uttered unconsciously by certain famous actors of a bygone age. These metaphors have recalled to my mind equally strange vagaries of speech that have dropped from the lips of celebrated latter-day Thespians. It was Charles Kean who, speaking of a famous murder, declared that "the assassin was evidently seeking for money, but, fortunately, the victim had just invested it all, and therefore he lost nothing but his life." Macready once remarked, in the course of an after-dinner address, that he congratulated himself most upon having torn the mask off the traitor's face and revealed his cloven foot; whereupon Phelps rose to second him, and warmly urged that it was "high time the odious, hydra-headed faction, of which the gentleman referred to formed the tail, should be soundly rapped over the knuckles." I think it was "la belle Smidson" who, writing to a friend, remarked, "I have just received a basket of bananas from an acquaintance, and am sending my compliments in return. Some of them are over a foot long." I remember hearing the late Sir Augustus Harris say that every man anxious to succeed should be ready to give his last sovereign in order to save the remainder of his fortune, and once in a letter, he wrote, "Business is very quiet at present; in fact, there seems to be nothing stirring but stagnation." James Anderson, speaking of an empty house, happened to say that the audience was conspicuous by its absence. That phrase has now passed into general use, and so have such metaphors as "handy with his feet," "backward in coming forward," and "landed in hot water on the horns of a dilemma"—all of which were first uttered by actors of more or less renown. Phelps, indeed, appears to have had a knack of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, and of jumbling up his sentences when talking in private life. He is said to have remarked upon one occasion that a certain young actor, in straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, had merely got a hoist on his own petard, which served him quite right; "for," he added, "any man who quarrels with his bread and butter, in order to raise himself above the standard of ordinary mortals, is assuredly indulging in a wild-goose chase, from which he will wake up to find that he has merely jumped from the frying-pan into the fire of his own audacity." Phelps is also credited with having declared at a public meeting that, personally, he himself would sooner swallow the crust of poverty in a bagman's closet than lick humble-pie off the boots of a tyrant, be he never so wealthy. These are among the most notable of the numberless "quibbles and frothy quips" that have dropped from the lips of actors at one time more or less renowned, and, if space permitted, I could cite very many more. True, an Irish Member of Parliament was responsible for the famous jumble about smelling a rat and seeing it in the air and nipping it in the bud, a metaphor which forms an exception to the rule, for nearly all the rest owe their origin to the play-actor.

Of living actors and playwrights, perhaps Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Cecil Raleigh, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Penley, and Mr. Toole have uttered more spontaneous mixed metaphors than most men. Patriotic Mr. Beerbohm Tree is said to have observed upon a famous occasion that "the British lion will never draw in its horns or retire into its shell, whether roaming the deserts of India, exploring the mines of Australia, or scaling the mountains of Canada." Was it Mr. Cecil Raleigh who remarked at a meeting of the Playgoer's Club that he pursued the shadow until the bubble burst and left its ashes in his hand? I think so. At any rate, I have heard him say that many modern novels written with a purpose might as well have been written with a pen-knife for all the good they would ever do to anybody. Mr. Daniel Leno's metaphors are excellent, but then they are not always spontaneous. For instance, nobody whose mind was not unhinged could have made an impromptu remark to the effect that the glorious work of tototalising the nation would never be accomplished until the good ship *Temperance*, manned by a crew of brave women, had sailed from one end of the land to the other, crying "Victory!" at every step, and planting her standard in every town and village where drunkenness and disorder had reared their frightful heads! The metaphors of Mr. Penley are "numerous and costly," but I can at present remember only two that have been attributed to him. They were uttered, so I am told, when he impersonated a clergyman, possibly when he appeared as the never-to-be-forgotten Private Secretary. The first was a warning to his flock that they "walk not in the narrow path, lest they be sucked, maelström-like, into its meshes"; the second a prayer that the Word might "be as a nail driven into a sound spot, spreading its roots downward and its branches upward." We all remember Mr. Arthur Roberts's joke about the strong arm of the law putting its spoke in the wheel; and a year or two ago Mr. Maskelyne was wont to tell his audience quite seriously that a certain sceptical lady had one evening come on to the platform declaring that she could distinctly discern several invisible wires. I think that Mr. Charles Bertram, the prince of conjurers, who was at one time connected with Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, carries on the metaphor to this day. Indeed, there is no end to the list of ridiculous yet amusing metaphors that have from time to time been uttered by actors, from Charles Kemble, with his all-seeing hand of fate, down to the villain of amateur melodrama who flings the simpering heroine to the very bottom of a bottomless pit.

BASIL TOZER.

"Wonderland Wonders" is the title of a capital book about animals and physical science generally, written for young people by the Rev. John Isabell, and issued by *Home Words*. It is elaborately illustrated.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Some owners are upset when they win races, and many instances are on record of trainers having been changed after a big race has been won by the stable. I was told some time ago of an owner who is fond of gambling and wanted to have a plunge on one of his horses, but the trainer thought it was not by any means a certainty for the animal in question. The consequence was, instead of chancing a "monkey," the owner invested a few pounds only on the race. His horse won easily, with the result that he made a change of stables forthwith. I presume, if the horse had lost, things would have remained as they were. It was truly hard lines for the cautious trainer.

One or two of the big plungers have caught it warm this year, and I am told of one who is fifty thousand pounds poorer than he was at the beginning of the flat-race season. The gentleman I refer to is a keen speculator and an able mathematician, but the horses have not run quite in accordance with his judgment. Of course, it may have been that he often looked about to find something to beat first and second favourites, which show an excellent record of wins on the year. Indeed, the big bookmakers complain that the talent knew too much for them in the majority of races.

It is gratifying to racegoers to know that a handicap of 1000 sovs. is to be run for at Alexandra Park in April. This track is one of the most popular in the country among little men, and I am glad to hear that such alterations are now being made to the track as will ensure its being one of the best in the country. As I suggested some years back in these columns, the Jockey Club ought to acquire the Palace and Park and establish their headquarters there, organising race-meetings to take place on each Saturday during the season. There's millions in it.

A great many stay-at-home speculators have decided not to do business again until the flat-race season commences. They look upon the riding shown by some of the amateurs with suspicion, and they are tired of objections and disqualifications. There can be no reason whatever why the National Hunt Committee should not be as strong in the matter of riding as the Jockey Club is; but, before the sport between the flags becomes thoroughly popular, the Stewards of the respective meetings will have to at least put in an appearance when racing is going on. They might then improve their education in certain matters that require a ready remedy.

Those gentlemen who race under assumed names must take care to have them registered before the year is out. As a matter of curiosity, I might mention that I am, I believe, the only owner in England who runs horses in one name under Jockey Club rules and in another under National Hunt rules. Of course, there may be other owners who have adopted this practice. If there are, I do not know them. I have always favoured the jumping business, and I have only registered my colours under National Hunt rules, with the result that some years ago an Irish lord registered the same colours under Jockey Club rules.

Very few yearling trials have taken place at Newmarket, as yet, but many two-year-olds will no doubt be galloped within the next few days. In the meantime the youngsters are being daily led in their work, and the sight to be witnessed on the Bury Side at Newmarket each day is lively in the extreme. Some few of the trainers lay themselves out to have their horses ready for the early spring meetings. Hayhoe and Watson generally pick up a race or two at Lincoln, and the horses under the charge of the Hon. G. Lambton do well at Liverpool, probably because they are owned by Lords Derby and Stanley.

The advertising tipster will soon be a thing of the past. It seems that the charges for advertising are more than the scheme can carry. I really do think the sporting papers have done pretty well out of the "dead certs" gentry, and, when Mr. Lowther wanted to stop the papers from taking this class of advertisement, it was not surprising to find the sporting papers dead against him.

"Dutch courage" is often useful in the case of unreliable horses, and half a pint of whisky given just before the start has made many a rogue run strongest and win. It is not generally known that stout is a good tonic for racehorses. It was tried in the case of Paris III. when he first joined Marsh's stable, after arriving from Australia. Stout, too, was often given to Earl of Arrandale, who was a shy feeder away from home. The horse was given a small bottle of stout daily before feeding-time, and the dose was repeated on the course, after which he would clear his manger.

CAPTAIN COE.

HUNTING.

I have often heard of foxhounds who, with more zeal than discretion, have followed their quarry far into a drain, to get stuck there until they could be dug out. One such case occurred with the Cottesmore a few seasons back, when six hounds made their way in Indian file up a field drain some two hundred yards, requiring extensive mining operations to effect their release, but this pales beside the recent experience of a Welsh pack. The hounds in question hunt hilly country pierced with coal-levels, now

disused. One day a few weeks ago a hard-pressed fox went to ground in an old coal-level, followed by three hounds and a terrier. As the three would not come out in obedience to the horn, the Master left them, and drew for another fox. They found, and, after an hour's run, that coal-level occurred to the fresh fox as a suitable haven, and he went to ground there with five hounds at his brush. Then it was determined to explore the old working, and men felt their way in cautiously. About a hundred and twenty yards from the entrance they came upon a fresh earth-fall, which completely blocked the way and had fairly trapped both hounds and foxes beyond. This occurred on a Friday afternoon, and not until two o'clock on Sunday did the labours of a gang of men by candlelight release the hounds. A curious feature of the business was that, after they had been got out, the men went in again and brought out one of the two foxes alive and unhurt: history does not say what became of the other, but probably the hounds know.

ANGLING.

It would be such an excellent thing from all points of view if the Thames could be made acceptable to the salmon, that the periodical letter to the Press urging the possibility need surprise nobody. That letter has recently appeared again, setting forth the usual arguments: to wit, that the Thames once was the abode of salmon; that the river is very much purer now than it has been for a generation, and that the salmon breeds and flourishes in rivers very much dirtier than the Thames. The last salmon, so far as records show, were killed in 1821 at Boulter's Weir, when a couple weighing 31 lb. formed the total catch for the season on that particular fishing. Boulter's must have been a good netting station in its day: in 1801 the catch was 66 fish weighing 1124 lb., and in 1804 62 fish scaling 943 lb.; but after 1804 the total never rose to twenty fish, and was often under ten. As regards the second argument, the Thames above Richmond is undoubtedly cleaner to-day than it has been for years; but unfortunately, pure upper reaches do not satisfy the fastidious salmon, and it cannot be denied that the river about and below the sewage outfall grows dirtier yearly in due ratio with the growth of London. That is the whole difficulty; it is waste of money and life to stock the upper reaches with young fish, whose first attempt to reach the sea would prove fatal, and, even if a few did run the gauntlet of poisoned waters successfully, they would certainly never persevere in the attempt to force their way back again. Frank Buckland turned thousands of salmon fry into the river at Sunbury in 1862, and repeated the experiment again in 1864; but his offered reward of a sovereign per pound weight for the first salmon proved to have been caught above Richmond was never claimed. A single stray fish in the Medway, which may or may not have been one of his young fry endeavouring to find its way up again from the sea, was the one poor shadow of success that blessed his enterprise. Purify the estuary and you dispel the only physical obstacle to re-establishing the salmon in the Thames.

Mention of Indian fishing to most Anglo-Indians calls up a vision of Thomas Atkins perspiring in tight *kharkee* on the sun-baked margin of a stagnant tank, contemplating patiently, hopefully, the float dependent from a slender bamboo. Genuine anglers, enthusiasts who spend money, energy, and privilege leave over the sport, are even now comparatively few in India; but there can be no doubt that angling in the East owes many of its devotees to Mr. Thomas. Nearly five-and-twenty years ago "The Rod in India" first saw the light; some eight years later the book appeared again, in size about double the original; and now we have a third edition nearly thrice the bulk of the first (W. Thacker and Co.). The contributions of grateful readers have enabled the author to add thus largely to his stores of information on localities for sport, the habits of fish, lures, and all kindred matters, proving that there was the nucleus of an angling public in India which only awaited the help and encouragement Mr. Thomas has given for its development. With the many opportunities India affords for sport with rifle, gun, and spear, it is hardly wonderful that anglers should be a small minority; yet the mahseer, the king of the carp family, of his own merits should make converts to the rod. He has been weighed up to 80 or 90 lb., has been seen by the late Mr. Sanderson of a size he estimated at 150 lb.; fresh caught he shines like a burnished penny, and, above all, takes fly or spinning batt, and he makes a gamier fight than the salmon himself. Then there is his cousin, the Carnatic carp, who runs up to 25 lb., and also takes a fly; the chilwa and so-called Indian trout, small fish but game, likewise fly-takers; these and many others denizens of the running streams. If you would exercise little skill but sheer brute force, the fresh-water shark—*goonch* of the Punjaubi—awaits your live bait. A *goonch* weighing 136 lb. was caught in the Jumna, at the head works of the Agra Canal, in May 1875. This is probably the largest fish ever landed with rod and line in India. Every reservoir and tank in the country has its fish population equally with the rivers and canals; the species are many and diverse, great and small. Mr. Thomas made angling in all waters his special pursuit during a long official life in India, and in this book, the matured fruits of his own and others' experience, we have a work on the subject that stands alone. In the East it has long been unreservedly accepted as a classic.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Dec. 29, 4.57; Thursday, 4.58; Friday, 4.59; Saturday, 4.59; Sunday, 5; Monday, 5.1; Tuesday, 5.3.

Several correspondents write to inquire about motor-bicycles and tricycles. So far, I believe, these machines have not proved a success, but no doubt in time they will be brought up to date, and then we shall hear more about them. The last motor-tricycle that I saw at work was one bought about a year ago by a Catholic priest who lives in Sidmouth. He suffers from asthma, and therefore thought that a motor-tricycle would enable him to visit his parishioners without his unduly tiring himself. The country about Sidmouth is hilly, to say the least, and the cleric, an illustrious ecclesiastic well known in South Devon, soon found that his cumbersome machine positively refused to negotiate any upward slope, though it ran downhill fast enough. He wrote to the makers and did all in his power to get the machine to work, but in vain. Therefore, I should not advise the ordinary, athletic, full-blooded cyclist, able to ride an ordinary safety, at present to invest in a motor-



READY FOR A SPIN.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

cycle, though I have seen some motor-bicycles in Paris that ran well enough along the boulevards. After all, a cycle, motor or non-motor, that would not travel down a Devonshire hill must be an out-and-out duffer.

Concerning Catholic cyclists, I may mention that the ancient Abbey of Buckfastleigh numbers among its monks an individual who, were he to fling off the cowl of sanctity and the robes of religion and devote his energies to engineering, would in a short time undoubtedly amass a very large fortune. As it is, he has invented, constructed, and patented a motor-cycle that will be operated neither by oil nor by electricity, and will probably create an immense sensation when placed upon the market and the streets. This will not come about, however, until the machine has been thoroughly tested in every way and a few minor improvements have been added to it. The inventor, who in religion is known as the Rev. Denys, O.S.B., has already invented and patented several electrical appliances, notably an electric clock, and he has now contracted to work almost exclusively for one of the largest metropolitan firms of electricians.

While I am on the subject of religion, let me state that Cardinal Satolli, who, according to a bright little contemporary called the *Catholic Times*, was a few weeks ago uncertain as to whether he ought or ought not to ride the bicycle with which he had been presented, has, I am told, at last made up his mind to compromise matters by cycling occasionally. Possibly the *Tablet*, which seems to think itself an arbiter upon all points of propriety and impropriety in connection with the upper clergy, will have a word to say upon the subject, but so eminent a Cardinal will hardly be likely to pay much attention to that.

"Hot water made in Germany" is the latest advertisement flourished at us from over the water. The leaflet goes on to describe a bicycle

handle-bar which may be filled with hot water, and is warranted to keep warm for fully two hours. Ladies will, no doubt, welcome the device, but why is it not made in England? The least the makers could do would be to employ an agent in England.

The question which will agitate the minds of purchasers of cycles next season will be that of chain or no chain. A new departure is certain to have opponents ready to discount its merits, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the new chainless gear should find a host of detractors. But, if the new bevel gear involves no loss of speed or ease in propulsion, it is probable that we shall see a great run on this type of machine in 1898. A friend of mine has ridden an Acaténe for the last six months, and expresses himself well satisfied with it, finding it in both ease and speed quite equal to a chain machine.

Yet another invention hails from Germany, which may possibly startle the cycling world. This is no less than a monocycle, patented by a certain Herr Ganswindt, and which he is said to have proved to be fleetier than the bicycle. I have not heard what form this machine takes, nor how an ordinary individual who is not a trick rider is to be expected to keep his balance on one wheel. Perhaps it is on the principle suggested, I think, by *Punch* many years ago, where the rider takes his seat inside the wheel, and propels it after the fashion of a squirrel in a cage. The obvious drawback to this which presents itself to my mind is, what will become of the rider in case of an accident? He will assuredly be liable to get considerably mixed up with his machine.

Our American sisters have the reputation of being the most "emancipated" of women, and I suppose our geographical position on the extreme West of Europe renders us better off than the ladies of most Continental nations, at any rate in cycling matters. The *Hub* a few weeks ago gave some amusing facts regarding feminine disabilities abroad. We are told that in Russia a lady is not even allowed to possess a bicycle without the royal permission being first obtained. Even in France no married woman can join the touring club without sending to the secretary her husband's consent in writing. In Germany, lady cyclists are evidently regarded as a serious danger to street traffic, for they are not allowed to ride in the public streets until they have passed a cycling examination before the police and been granted a permit. The Vienna ladies are forbidden by law to ride "hands off" in the streets. We may expect ere long an outcry for women's rights among the nations of Europe; our sisters will rise as one woman, and demand the repeal of these degrading disabilities.

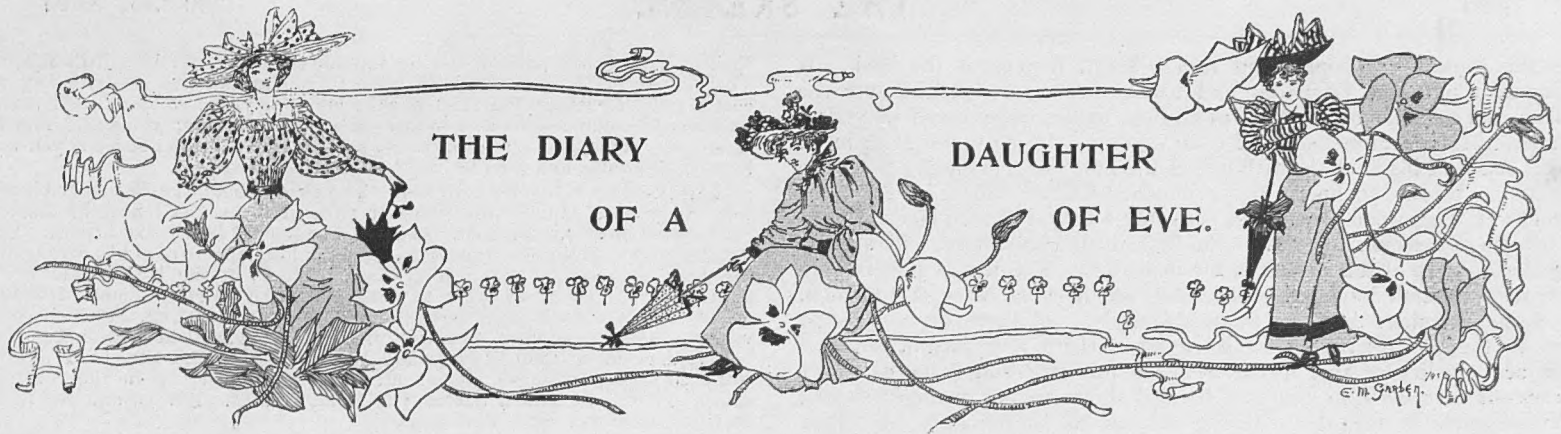
On dit that the "rational" costume is doomed in the great French capital. This is rather difficult to believe, as I cannot but regard it as becoming to many of our foreign sisters. I shall be interested to hear if this report proves true. I also hear that in Paris the handle-bars of the new ladies' bicycles are to be covered with pigskin. This appears to be the latest fashion, and a very pretty one, for nothing can be neater than silver-plate and pigskin.

"AT THE CROSS ROADS."

A new novel by the author of "Into the Highways and Hedges" cannot but be of considerable interest to those who made acquaintance with Miss Montrésor's remarkable first published story. As the work of a new writer—indeed, as an addition to the ordinary output of any practised hand, "At the Cross Roads" (Hutchinson) would deserve high praise. But the book which led one distinguished critic to declare that since the days of Dinah Morris there had not been drawn so notable a portrait of a certain type of Englishwoman as in Miss Montrésor's first novel surely gave even the most unexacting of her readers a right to ask that the author of "Into the Highways and Hedges" should remain true to the very high standard she originally set herself.

Miss Montrésor is evidently strongly attracted to the difficult and painful problems of life. This time she has set herself the task of describing—and in no conventional manner—the ordinary experiences, but, so far as we remember, rarely dealt with in fiction, of a gentleman ex-convict and his wife during the years immediately succeeding his release from prison. The writer attacks the situation with great courage. The book, instead of ending, begins with marriage, and the, on the whole, successful effort made by the wife to reinstate her husband in his original position is admirably described. But although Miss Montrésor is at her best in that most difficult branch of literary art, characterisation, the picture of her heroine is unconvincing; and even the secondary feminine character, over which she evidently spent much pains, Mrs. Clovis, is but a caricature of Mrs. Gaskell's immortal Mrs. Gibson, the selfish, fond, and foolish stepmother in "Wives and Daughters." Indeed, "At the Cross Roads" is strongly reminiscent of several remarkable works of fiction. The very plot recalls "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and the author, all unconsciously, seems to have set herself the task of continuing, as it were, Maxwell Grey's powerful story to a logical conclusion.

And yet so little is lacking to make the story convincing that one is involuntarily led to wish that the author could have seen her way to recast certain of her scenes. Again, although this is a minor matter, the whole plot of the story is made to turn on the very far-fetched incident of the supposed fraudulent burning of an insured manuscript, a result which, even if legally possible, is, to say the least of it, extremely improbable. Imagine one of our minor literary lights condemned to a long term of imprisonment on circumstantial evidence of having destroyed one of his own (insured) manuscripts!



Saturday.—For a whole week have I kept the secret of Florrie's new cloak from Jay's. When one woman promises another that she will *never* reveal her confidences, it is understood that a week will relieve her of all responsibility—our statute of limitations upholds seven days of trustworthiness. I don't fancy we are really unreliable; only we are so

of being a tall woman. Why did Providence make Florrie tall and all her sisters shorter? I shall never know. I have consulted my mother, and she appears equally ignorant. I saw some nice frocks at Jay's while I was waiting this morning. A charming evening-dress of pale-pink Liberty satin had three shaped frills on the hem, and the bodice a



DRESS OF ABBESS BLUE, LACE VEST, AND SABLE COLLAR.



A CLOTH DRESS WITH VELVET YOKE AND CHIFFON FICHU.

apt to forget which things are said to us in confidence, and which are told us for the public ear. No woman can really keep a cloak a secret if she possess it; of what avail would it be? And Florrie's cloak will be home to-morrow. It has a yoke-piece of sable and a collar of sable turned up round the throat, and it is made of tawny-tinted velveteen, lined with ivory satin; it has beige-coloured lace and chiffon down the front; it is wonderfully beautiful and very original, and I spent an hour watching her have it fitted this morning, and recognising the advantages

soft mass of lace and pink chiffon and diamond buttons. A black dress of fascinating detail was embroidered from the waist to the hem with gold threads and jet sequins, these being outlined with gold in deep vandykes, and frilled with net to the hem. A gold galloon belt was round the waist; the décolletage was edged with many ruffings of tulle, and fastened at one side with a bunch of white roses, a trail of ivy, and a knot of pale-blue ribbon. A yellow evening-gown had the new shape of skirt arranged with special grace, opening up the front, fitting tightly

on the hips, and sweeping out into a broad flounce at the back. It showed a petticoat of yellow and white chiffon, one frilled over the other, and a bodice of soft frills of chiffon, with a large bunch of yellow chrysanthemums at one side. I could not resist a costume, at reduced rates, made of black cloth, with one of the new skirts assuming the grace of fulness below the knees, and a pouched bodice adorned with three shades of Wedgwood blue velvet revealing a cravat of écarlate lace.

Jay's sale, which commences the first week in January, will see me on the doorstep at ten o'clock in the morning. The model gowns here are always worth buying, because they are in advance of the fashion, and include none but the finest materials. If there be a piece of lace on their bodices, it is real lace, and if there be a yard of fur, it is the best quality of fur, which becomes property and lasts us many years—it may even, in time, be handed down to our younger sisters. Which reminds me that Florrie refuses to let me have her cloak sketched. She is fixed in this decision by the consciousness that costumes look so much better in pictures than they do on real people; at least, I say this is her reason. An excellent little jacket which I met this morning at Jay's, and whose details I have quite forgotten to mention, was made of astrachan with scrolls of black satin appliqué upon it and a black satin belt. It was an admirably contrived little coat. When Florrie is spending one of her days of unmitigated idleness, gossiping with her family and buying things she does not want, I shall introduce my artist into her bedroom and snatch that treasured cloak from its peg. I am so unselfish with other people's frocks; I would give away their every detail.

Monday.—Julia becomes more and more domesticated; I actually surprised her this morning in the commonplace task of looking over the wash—and this is Julia, who started life full of literary aspirations! And not alone was she employed, as the writer of polite fiction would put it, "in fingering the dainty white piles of snowy linen": she was positively revelling in her occupation, and almost persuaded me to enthusiasm over the superior complexion of her sheets. Ye gods, what a funny mixture is my Julia! one moment holding forth, in well-rounded periods, on decadent literature, and the next posing as an apostle of a laundry.

"Virginia," she said impressively, "why don't you have your clothes washed at the Munster Park Laundry, Fulham? You, who are always deploring the want of soul in the washerwoman who goffers your frills and flat-irons your puffings, should certainly appreciate the excellence of the work here."

When it became a personal matter of my own petticoats and lace furbelows, which have been for many years ill-treated by a washerwoman who, by virtue of long service and a meek bearing under abuse, has never been discarded, I approached nearer to that basket and interviewed the works of this wonderful laundry. They really are good. All the lace frills on the baby's clothes looked as if they had come from a cleaner's, so beautifully had they been ironed; and Julia's own night-gowns, which, decorated with sailor-collars and bouillonnées, are no easy matter to handle, emerged triumphantly. Well, I shall consider the point. My poor old washerwoman shall be pensioned off with the dusters, while I will endow the Munster Park Laundry with the frivolities of lace and muslin which, Providence be praised! my flesh is heir to. In the meantime, I implored Julia to recommend that laundry to Gertie, who is pre-eminently a fine housekeeper and regretful of the ordinary wicked ways of the ordinary wicked laundress, and then to turn her attention to a bundle of asparagus that I had bought her for a present on the strict understanding that she invited me to lunch to help eat it. She seized on the bundle and acquiesced with sufficient grace.

Diana came in directly after lunch. We were glad she had not arrived in time for the asparagus, though we loudly lamented her absence. She continues to be absorbed in skating-rinks, and had visited the Niagara Carnival, which was cheery, though not crowded, and where the best dresses appeared to have been costumes of Directoire coat style in pale-blue velvet hemmed with ermine, worn with white wigs tied with black ribbons, black masks, and Directoire hats. She also dwelt lovingly on the charms of a frock at Princes' Carnival, which was made by the Parisian artist Landolf, and, shaded from pink to mauve, was crowned with rare audacity with a black hat with a green and a red feather in it. If you cannot be audacious in your frocks when you are masked and skating, when can you?

Diana was wearing a new coat of black broad-tail belted with grey suède with a wonderful jewelled buckle. She has three fur coats and the rheumatism, so I don't envy her. Jimmy, who came in to fetch her and stayed to tea, was as idle as usual and quite as amusing. He says work should be like gout and skip a generation, and if his father worked and his son worked, he ought to be exempt. He is quite the personification of merry laziness, and much delighted at the prospect of giving everyone he knows something for a Christmas present. The Paradise for Jimmy's soul is through the golden gate of generosity. He gives, and he gives, and he gives, from January to December. He is a young man who should be cultivated by the women of his acquaintance, and I have reason to understand that in this he has not avoided his best destiny.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

GADFLY.—Buy from Marshall and Snelgrove's in Oxford Street a silk eider-down dressing-gown, embroidered; nothing is more comfortable, and it will wear beautifully and clean half-a-dozen times. I like very light colours for bedroom wear; but then I believe I am a very extravagant person with prodigal tastes. You can get the gowns in all shades. I think they cost three guineas; this was

their first price, but perhaps during the sale time they will be a little reduced. Those crêpe-de-Chine sashes also come from Marshall and Snelgrove's; they cost a guinea without the steel buckle, and thirty-five shillings with a steel buckle. It would not be wise to introduce another colour; you would find the dress look patchy. Keep to the same, though take a lighter shade if you want to mark the waist, and then let the flowers match the sash.

FRITZA.—Buy a Liberty velveteen. The shade should be Venetian blue—it will cost you 3s. 11d. a yard—the lace yoke of the coffee tone; the diamond slides come from the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street. Your hair, of course, is the great question. I think lace lappets might be arranged in the way you suggest, and a high diamond comb at the back would be an improvement. The shoes ought to match the gown and have diamond buckles on the front, the stockings to be of the same colour or of white. That charming young person cannot choose a better gift than a bag, and he could not go to a better place for it than Mappin and Webb's, 158, Oxford Street. I like the suit-case shape, with the fittings all round and the space in the centre of sufficient depth to hold a Saturday to Monday outfit. But go and see them; they have dozens of different designs.

CRYSTAL.—Undoubtedly for a costume for the carnival go to John Simmons, 35, Haymarket. You could, of course, borrow a domino, but it is much nicer to have one made. The idea of gold embroidered in diamonds is excellent, but I am afraid you will find it rather expensive; however, it would look lovely on the ice. You should have a big ruffling of lace round the throat, a frilling of the same edging the cape. One of the most attractive decorations for the hair I have seen was a cap of gold wired to stand up almost in Punchinello shape, with a flight of black birds at one side. This, worn over a white wig with a black mask, looks charming.

VIRGINIA.

SANTA CLAUS.

The popularity of Santa Claus at this season warrants a brief account of his remarkable career. He is identical with the more familiar Saint Nicholas, the name having undergone some change owing to Dutch interference. In both capacities the Saint is held to be the special patron of children; but while, as Nicholas, his charge is mainly over their souls, as Claus he is principally concerned with their stockings.

Nicholas was himself an exemplary infant. As a babe at his mother's breast he carefully observed the appointed fasts, partaking of refreshment only once on Wednesdays and Fridays, and then only after sunset. On the day he was born he was observed to stand up in his bath and dispose his hands in the attitude of prayer. He rose to be Bishop of Myra, and during his tenure of office performed many good works. He specially befriended three boys whom an unscrupulous innkeeper had cut to pieces and pickled with a view to serving them as veal to his customers. The Bishop chanced to pass that way and called for dinner. A Provençal ballad relates the blandishments of mine host—

"Here's ham, pray would you like a slice?"
 "No ham for me: it is not nice."
 "Then will you have a piece of veal?"
 "Oh no! it is not meat genteel."
 I want," said he, "some salted child,
 Seven years in pickle, sweet and mild."
 No sooner this the butcher heard
 Than off he started at the word.

The Saint, however, exhorted him to repentance, and restored the boys to life without more ado.

The Saint's connection with stockings, and generally his reputation for indiscriminate generosity, may be traced to an incident of his youth. A poor man had three daughters, for whom, in the absence of any marriage portion, there seemed but one way of earning a living. Nicholas, hearing of the dilemma, went to the house by night and threw a purse of gold in at the window. Two other purses followed on the next two nights—arguments which, no doubt, the Early Christian suitors found convincing. It is not difficult to see in this legend of stealthy and nocturnal benefaction the origin of the nursery superstition of Christmas Eve. It is worth noticing that pawnbrokers claim to find the prototype of their three balls in these same purses of gold.

As a matter of fact, St. Nicholas has no business with Christmas at all, for his own festival falls on Dec. 6, and that date is still sacred to him in the Greek Church. But in the popular mind he has somehow got confused with Father Christmas, if, indeed, he be not the original of that venerable fraud. As he is a specialist in the ailments of youth, it is rather unfortunate that his visit falls before and not just after Christmas.

I have received from Messrs. Singer a batch of natty Christmas nicknacks, such as a tiny pincushion and a needle-case.

I have received from Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills, of Liverpool, a very interesting selection of Turkish cigarettes, made up in exceedingly tasteful boxes. One particular brand, called the "Sahara," considerably belies its name. It should be called "Oasis." Needless to say, they have very much enhanced the pleasure of my Christmas holidays.

The gossips of Chicago have just had a mild sensation in the runaway marriage of Miss Jessie Lincoln, daughter of the former United States Minister in England, Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, to a well-known Iowa football-player and half-back of renown, Mr. Warren Wallace Beckwith. The romantic match made by Abraham Lincoln's granddaughter has provided Transatlantic newspaper-men with columns of excellent "copy," and the descriptive writers have lavished their stores of eloquence upon the football match in which Mr. Beckwith played an important part the day after the wedding.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Jan. 11, 1898.

A REVIEW OF THE PAST FINANCIAL YEAR.

The year was ushered in with fairly tight money, but it soon commenced to ease off, the low-water mark being reached in May, when the Bank Rate on the 13th of that month was reduced to 2 per cent. The cheapness and abundance of money were fully illustrated about this time by the reception given to the London County Council issue of six months' bills, which was allotted at an average of £1 1s. 10d. per cent., and the issue of a new 2½ per cent. India stock. Some of the Australian Colonies also took advantage of the plentiful supply of money which ruled, and issued loans on favourable terms. Towards the close of the half-year, the usual hardening-up process took place, but it was only of a temporary character, arising chiefly for bank balance-sheet purposes. A demand for gold, both from the Continent and the United States, in the month of September, tended to harden rates, which necessitated the Bank of England directors raising the official minimum to 2½ per cent. Considerable discussion took place during that month in financial circles in connection with the letter written by the Governor of the Bank of England to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, expressing the willingness of the Bank to hold one-fifth of the bullion retained against the note issue in silver under certain conditions. This action on the part of the Bank of England met with considerable opposition, and culminated in a meeting of the leading bankers and financiers, who passed a very strong resolution condemnatory of such a proceeding. The steady drain of gold for the Continent and the United States during the month of October made it again necessary for the Bank directors to raise the rate, which was accordingly put up to 3 per cent. The future course of money then became very uncertain. The general opinion was that money would harden considerably as the end of the year approached, and the market on that account became somewhat stagnant until its course could be more definitely ascertained. These fears of dearer money, however, have proved so far illusory, for, beyond the usual stiffening tendency which occurs at the end of every year, the Money Market has kept wonderfully easy during the last four months.

MINING.

A notable feature in this branch of business has been the interest which has sprung up in British Columbian mining in the course of the year. Every encouragement seems to be given by the Government of that country to induce the inflow of capital for the development of this industry. Some large companies have been floated under good auspices, and would appear to have fair prospects of success. Great discrimination, however, on the part of investors is necessary in view of the many wild-cat schemes offered to them. The reported sensational discoveries on Klondyke goldfields has led to the formation of several English companies to exploit that region, but we look upon these ventures as strictly of a pioneer character. Until we are in possession of information of a more reliable nature about this district, we think it desirable that investors should hold their hands in the matter, as the severity of the climate and cost of labour and supplies present serious drawbacks to the profitable employment of capital. Kaffir shares have been depressed more or less during the year, some disturbing element always having been at work. The favourable report of the Rand Gold Industry Commission gave a little impetus to business in the month of July, but the delay in the granting by the Transvaal Government of the concessions recommended by the Commission has kept prices depressed towards the end of the year. A favourable feature, however, in the situation is the steady improvement which is taking place month by month in the gold output. Evidences are not wanting which point to there being considerably more activity in this department ere long. As usual, the Chartered Company is in want of fresh capital, and Mr. Rhodes is coming home to help raise it.

With regard to Westralian Mines, the year, speaking generally, has been a disappointing one. Of course, there have been some notable exceptions, such as Ivanhoes, Golden Horseshoes, Great Boulders, and Lake View Consols; but when we set against these the large number of failures that

have taken place, the net result is not very satisfactory. However, it must be borne in mind that the bulk of the properties are now in course of development, and that another twelve months may put a very different complexion on their prospects. In the meantime, there are too many reconstruction schemes being brought forward to suit our taste. Indian Mines have had a fairly successful run, but the fresh capital introduced into New Zealand enterprise has hardly justified the outlay up to the present.

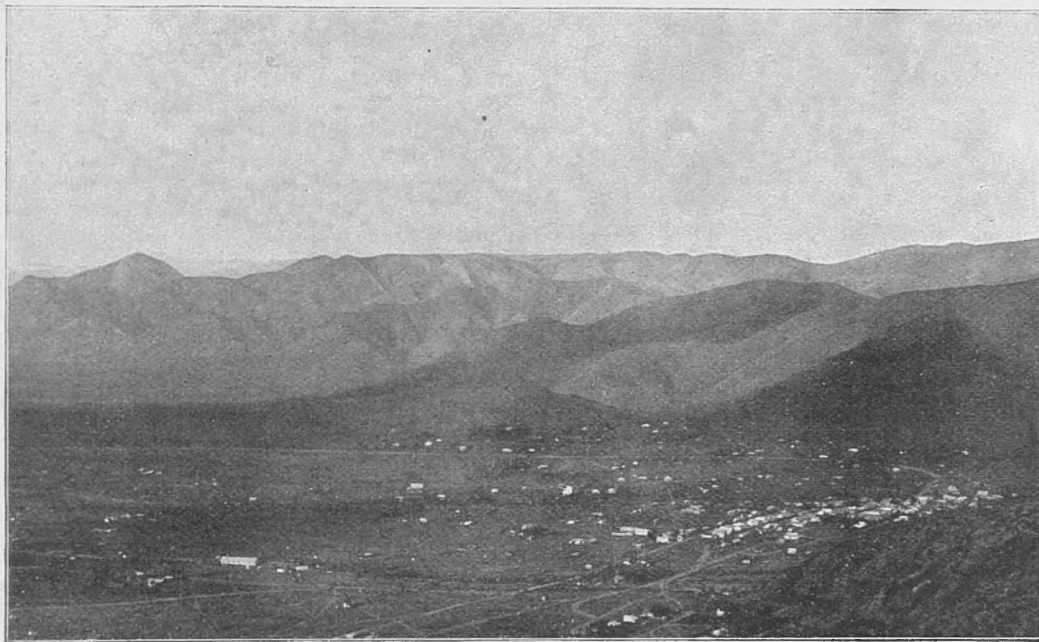
INTERNATIONALS.

The various phases through which the Eastern Question passed in the early part of the year lent themselves to considerable speculative activity in this department. The stocks more immediately interested in the Turco-Greek dispute suffered considerably when the acute stages of the question were reached. A sharp recovery, however, set in after the decisive war. At one stage Greek securities became practically unsaleable, it being difficult to understand how the country, apart from any question of indemnity to Turkey, was to avoid bankruptcy. The Monopoly Loan during the crisis was quoted as low as 19½, but has now recovered again to about 36. Some of the Turkish junior securities suffered very considerably as well, the "B" series falling to 27½. But a sharp rise took place on the termination of the war, and the present price is now about 42. The financial position of Spain has been a source of great uneasiness during the year. The new War Loan issued in the month of July was largely over-subscribed for by native capitalists, but the financial position of the country is most unsatisfactory, and another large loan is considered inevitable, although it puzzles us somewhat to know the nature of the security Spain is in a position to offer. The difficulties in Cuba and the Philippine Islands would appear, however, to be showing indications of clearing away. Argentine descriptions have been fairly active during the year, and a sharp rise was registered on the resumption of payment in full on the National Debt one year before the time stipulated in the Romero-Rothschild agreement. The future of the country is now looked upon in a much more favourable light.

Brazilian stocks have depreciated considerably, the 4 per cent. loan of 1889 having fallen about eight points. The finances of the country are in a deplorable state, and the outlook is far from reassuring. Both Chile and Uruguay have had their hands pretty well full with political troubles, and their finances have suffered thereby. But in the case of the latter a recovery took place on the conclusion of peace between the contending parties in the internecine war. Mexican securities have suffered owing to the fall of silver, the loan of 1888 being now quoted about 5 lower than the highest point touched. Peruvians seem to be going from bad to worse, the much-talked-of French Syndicate coming forward with money to place the Government in funds being still conspicuous by its absence. Generally speaking, however, the prospects of International Securities have improved towards the end of the year, and the outlook for 1898 would be, but for Prince Henry's "mailed fist," distinctly more encouraging.

HOME RAILS.

The movements in the Home Rail Market have been dominated to a considerable extent during the year by the various labour disputes, but, despite this disturbing factor, business in this department has been fairly active. Under the influence of satisfactory dividend announcements for the latter half of 1896, the market exhibited a firm tone at the opening of the year, but prices began to fall away again on account of the outbreak of labour troubles in the North. The fine weather in the spring and the generally satisfactory traffics induced buying again, and towards the end of March prices showed a general advance. The cheapening tendency of money, combined with the anticipation of bumper Jubilee traffics, infused a considerable bullish element into the market, under the influence of which prices continued their upward movement. A temporary set-back was given to Scotch stocks in the month of April on the unfortunate passing of its dividend by the Highland Company. But they soon recovered again on the satisfactory prospects generally. In the month of June the engineering dispute commenced to assume a serious aspect, and this, coupled with the fear that the dividends for the first half of the year would be materially affected by the increase in working expenses, tended to weaken prices somewhat. On the other



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BARBERTON, SOUTH AFRICA.

hand, however, the companies kept piling up substantial traffic increases, and, as money continued cheap, prices were not allowed to fall away to any appreciable extent. On Aug. 1 the name of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway was changed to that of the Great Central Railway. The engineering dispute at this time having assumed somewhat serious dimensions, there was distinctly less doing in this market, and quotations showed, in some cases, marked shrinkage. Prospects of disturbances in the cotton trade also added their quota towards creating a feeling of uncertainty as to the course of the markets. Still, nothing like a panic took place, not even later on when a further disturbing element was introduced by the agitation among railway workers. This latter agitation was, happily, nipped in the bud by the unanimity with which the various companies acted in the matter. It is also satisfactory to learn that the prospects of a settlement of the engineering dispute are much more hopeful, and the market is now beginning to forecast the dividend results for the half-year.

AMERICANS.

The year has witnessed a considerable revival of interest in this department. The public, however, until lately have been holding aloof from the market, leaving it pretty well in the hands of professional operators, who from time to time have been making strenuous efforts to induce investors on this side to join in the gamble. This, of course, only refers to the more speculative descriptions, for there has been all along a steady business in good bonds. The market was very favourably impressed by the appointment of Mr. Lyman Gage, a distinguished banker and sound-money man, to the position of Secretary of the Treasury in the new Administration. The postponement of Currency legislation, combined with the uncertainty of the outcome of the tariff proposals, continued to keep business pretty well restricted until the middle of the year, when rumours of improved trade and satisfactory crop prospects led to a general advance. The public, however, were still not much in evidence, except, perhaps, that advantage was taken by some of them to get rid of their old holdings at the enhanced prices. As the year advanced traffics showed heavy increases, while the reports from industrial centres were satisfactory, and had the effect of counteracting to a very great extent the sensational rumours set afloat from time to time as to a war with Spain. The Union Pacific foreclosure towards the end of the year, and the political and financial methods adopted in connection therewith, gave public confidence a considerable shock on this side; the Presidential Address had no very appreciable effect upon the markets. Prices eased off a little, it being generally thought that the currency proposals therein contained failed to meet the case, and that any effective legislation could hardly be looked forward to in the present Session. Quotations, however, have firmed up again, and, while we write, leave off fairly strong. Compared with the opening prices of the year, most of the favourite descriptions show considerable rises. Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Preference have risen 7 points, Illinois Central 13, Lake Shore 24, Louisville and Nashville 8, and New York Central 14.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN RAILS.

The chief feature of this market for the past year has been the steady appreciation in the securities of Canadian Railways, more particularly the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. The former commenced their upward career in earnest in the month of June, on the improved returns, and the announcement that the company would benefit from an important Government subsidy, while there were also rumours as to the funding of the revenue deficits of late years. A reaction took place, however, in October, when the decision of the company not to fund the recent deficits was made known. But a recovery has taken place, and, aided by the excellent traffics, the various securities soon mounted upwards again. The guaranteed stock of the company stood at 41 at the beginning of the year, and while we write it has risen to over 68. Canadian Pacifics fell away considerably in the early part of the year, owing to forced sales by German holders, and also to fears of a rate war. Later on, however, a stimulus was given to the market by the developments which were taking place in the British Columbian Goldfields, and the shares have moved steadily upwards. Altogether, the Canadian Pacific has had a good run of luck during the year, the shares having risen as much as 26 points since the beginning of January.

Indian Railways have improved, but Mexican Rails are lower in sympathy with the fall in silver. Argentine issues have fluctuated a good deal, but the good crop prospects and the improved position shown by the leading companies have had a favourable effect on recent quotations, Central Argentines having risen as much as 8 points in the past six months, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern 15 points.

INDUSTRIALS.

Considerable activity has been going on in this section nearly all the year through, and a good round sum has been forthcoming from the public for the purpose of developing fresh enterprises in this direction. One of the chief features of the year has been the flotation of the English Sewing Cotton Company, with a capital of £2,000,000. The shares were applied for many times over, and it is understood that the general public will have little chance to participate in the allotment, as the issue will be practically taken up by the trade. The company starts under very favourable auspices. It transpires that J. and P. Coats will work on friendly terms with this big combination, and, according to the conditions of the prospectus, they were to take and pay for £200,000 in the shares.

Quite a sensation was experienced on the Market by the issue of the report of J. and P. Coats to June 30. The dividend of 20 per cent. for the year was considerably lower than Market anticipations, and the shares promptly tumbled down 11 points.

Cycle company shares have been fairly active; but, despite the fact of highly satisfactory reports, a good many of the companies' shares stand at heavy discounts, a fact which is, no doubt, partly attributable to a good many vendor shares being on sale. As there were a great many of the smaller promotions ridiculously over-capitalised, the probability is that they will get squeezed out of the field when the inevitable competition among them becomes more intense. The well-established companies, on the other hand, will be able to hold their own and earn fair returns for their shareholders. Another feature in this department has been the attention which has been given to electric lighting shares, considerable developments having taken place during the year. Thus City of London Electric Light shares have risen over 10 points since the beginning of the year, and St. James and Pall Mall and Westminster Electric 4 points each. In brewery shares All-ops broke away on the dividend, and the present price of 159 shows a decline of about 22 points since the beginning of January. The revival in Canadian trade has had a favourable influence on Hudson Bay shares, which have had a substantial rise. Aerated Breads have also risen on the strength of an increased dividend and the highly satisfactory condition of the company's affairs generally. Several newspaper companies have issued satisfactory balance-sheets.

THE TRANSVAAL MORTGAGE, LOAN, AND FINANCE COMPANY.

The report and balance-sheet of this concern is not lively reading. The management has from the beginning been of the feeblest kind, and the debit balance standing to profit and loss account is over £88,000.

For a long time a committee of shareholders has been engaged in investigating the financial position of the company, and considering what can be done in the way of reconstruction to place it in a dividend-paying condition. Fortunately, the committee's report appears at the same time as the balance-sheet, and, if the shareholders will only put their shoulders to the wheel, and carry out the recommendations of Mr. Frederick Walker and his colleagues, it looks as if the company might be put on its legs again. In every way Mr. Walker's scheme appears the best solution of the difficulties with which the company is surrounded; and although in our opinion unduly favouring the founders, it is of the give-and-take nature which should commend itself to reasonable men who prefer to settle their differences amicably and get to business, rather than wrangle over strict legal rights, whereby the lawyers will get the oyster and the holders of shares—whether ordinary or founders—be left with the bare shells.

The company has lost about £100,000, which must be written off, but the question is complicated by the difficulty of dealing with the rights of the founders, so that to write down the capital it is necessary to liquidate and hand over the assets to a new company, a process which will, of course, make all outstanding debentures fall due. The scheme, therefore, hinges on the shareholders' willingness and ability to replace the present 6 per cent. debenture debt by subscribing for a fresh issue bearing 4 per cent. interest; but as the whole sum required amounts to £150,000, and there is tangible security representing £400,000, it should be a matter of no great difficulty to successfully place the bonds. The old board, whose inability to conduct the company's affairs is abundantly evident, ought to go, and we advise the shareholders to make this a *sine quâ non*.

Thursday, Dec. 23, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

NEDGOF.—The accounts of the Newspaper Company are made up to Dec. 31, and the dividend will probably be paid in January. For the last two half-years the rate has been 25 per cent. We think very well of them as an investment. As for a quick rise, we cannot give an opinion.

KANGAROO.—The mine comes from respectable people, and is well situated. Beyond that, only the directors can give a reliable opinion.

SARNIA.—We have a bad opinion of the mine you mention.

E. J.—(1) Sell if you can find a buyer. (2) There is a liability of £75 a share; but, in our opinion, it is purely nominal. (3) Don't touch it.

MORTGAGE.—Insist on the mortgage and other deeds being handed over to you. If the solicitor makes any excuses, threaten to report the case to the Law Society, and go at once to a firm of standing, who will bring him to book in no time.

NOTE.—In consequence of Christmas Day falling at the end of the week, we have been obliged to go to press two days earlier than usual, and we hope correspondents who are disappointed in not receiving answers in this number will kindly forgive us and look for replies in our next issue.

A SHOW-CARD COMPETITION.

The attention of artists may be called to the offer of "Ronuk" in these pages for a show-card design in five colours. The field of poster and show-card design is a large one, and the artist who makes a hit in it is likely to find much work.